Bombay Gazette.

Vol. 38. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24TH 1827. No. 1951.

Advertisement.

BY virtue of a Writ of Execution issued from the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay, in the cause of JEHANGEER NASSERWANJEE & NOWROJEE NASSERWANJEE, Plaintiffs, against HORMASJEE BHICAJEE MERJEE, CAWASJEE HEERJEE, and NASSERWANJEE HEERJEE trading under the name and firm of BHICAJEE MERJEE and Company, defendants, I hereby request all persons indebted to the said BHICAJEE MERJEE and Co. forthwith to pay the amount of their debts to me, or I shall give instructions to my Solicitor to proceed against them in the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay.

F. LEGGETT,
Deputy Sheriff

BOMBAY,
SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
3rd October 1827.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

THAT the Meeting of the BRITISH INHABITANTS to be convened on the 5th Proximo for the purpose stated in the GAZETTE, of the 10th October will be held at the Mess Room of the TOWN BARRACKS at the hour of Eleven forenoon, as formerly notified.

D. SETON,
Sheriff.

Bombay, 24th October 1827.

THIS DAY,

WILL BE SOLD
BY PUBLIC AUCTION.
AT
FRITH BOMANJEE AND Co's.
ROOMS.

A VARIETY of Carpenter's Tool's Wines, Woollen Cloths, Long Cloths, Canvas, Table Cutlery, Green Paint, Chintzes, and other Piece Goods, and at 4 o'Clock precisely several single and Double pole Tents will be put up for Sale on the Esplanade opposite the Apollo-Gate, where they are now pitch'd.

Nesbit Lane, 24th October 1827.

FRITH BOMANJEE AND Co.
HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION

A VERY superior Bay ARAB BUGGY HORSE, Warranted sound and quiet, 5 years old, upwards, of 15 hands high.

Nesbit Lane, 24th October 1827.

MONDAY next the 29th Instant,
FRITH BOMANJEE AND Co.
WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION

WHAT Pictures may at that time remain in their Shop, they consist of Sporting subjects, Plates from Pictures by Wilkie and other celebrated Masters, Views in SCOTLAND and ENGLAND, in handsome Gilt and Black reeded Frames, and at the same time an Assortment of Books, colored Prints without Frames, Caricatures, Collections from Alkens, Scrap Books, &c. &c. &c.

Nesbit Lane, 24th October 1827.

A FEW Hogsheads of very fine old London Particular MADEIRA, from SCOTT LOUGHNAN AND CO. are for Sale at the Godowns of Messrs. SHOTTON MALCOLM AND CO. at 300 Rs. each Hogshead.

Bombay, 24th October 1827.

Higgs and Briggs.

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION,
To-morrow, the 25th Instant.

AN ELEGANT Porcelain Dessert Set, Rich Cut Glass ditto, double and Single Branch Wall Shades, Globe Lamps, Couches, Oval Table, and other articles of Furniture.

Sets of Ivory and horn handled Knives and Forks. Brass Door Locks, Plated Candlesticks, Shot Belts, White, Red and Yellow Bunting, Hunting Saddles Complete, Jockey Whips, Lavender Water &c.

Meadows Street, 24th October 1827.

Higgs and Briggs

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION
To-morrow the 25th Instant,
THE EFFECTS
OF THE LATE
Lieut. G. Richardson.
DECEASED

CONSISTING of Wearing Apparel and appointments, a Double Barrelled GUN by Hughes, a pair of Double Barrelled Pistols by Parker, a Silver Watch by Osborn, a Camp Case, and a Variety of other articles.

A GREY ARAB
SADDLE HORSE
AND
HUNTING SADDLES.
SINGLE POLED
TENT, BICHOBA,
AND
ROWTEE.

Meadows Street, 24th October 1827.

Higgs and Briggs.

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION,
To-morrow the 25th Instant,
WITHOUT RESERVE
AN EXCELLENT
GRAND
PIANOFORTE
BY BROADWOOD.
WHICH IS PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED TO THE NOTICE OF ANY LADY WANTING A GOOD ONE.
A COLLECTION OF
Shells
IN A PAIR OF ELEGANT
SATTENWOOD CASES.
AND

A DOUBLE Barrelled GUN by Manton, with Detonating and flint Locks, a neat PALANQUIN, an Oil Painting &c.

At one o'Clock
A PONEY
PHAETON
WITH SHIFTING SHAFTS
AND DOUBLE
HARNESS.

Meadows Street, 24th October 1827.

Higgs and Briggs.

HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION
A CAPITAL
BAY ARAB COLT.

RISING four years old height 14—2 Just Imported per Wilhelmina

PRICE Rs. 800.

Meadows Street, 24th October 1827.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION.
A NEAT LIGHT
Shigrampoe
PAIR OF CAPITAL
ARAB HORSES
AND
HARNESS.

PRICE Rs. 1200

Meadows Street, 24th October 1827.

TO BE SOLD
BY AUCTION
BY
MESSRS.
Higgs and Briggs.
AT
MESSRS. LUGRIN SON AND Co.'s
WAREHOUSE.

On FRIDAY the 26th and SATURDAY the 27th Instant.
AND THE
FOLLOWING MONDAY
UNTIL THE WHOLE IS DISPOSED OF

THE FOLLOWING SHOP GOODS, of the best quality, and in good order, viz.

PLATE,

Some Europe and China Silver Plate
A few Articles of Jewellery.
A variety of Plated Ware.
Smyth's Perfumery.
Bristow's Do.
Savigny's Cutlery, Writing Desks Shot Belts, Powder Flasks, Patent Shot of all numbers, Copper Caps for Detonating Guns, Razor Hones and Razor Strops, some Glass Ware, Earthen Do. Iron and Copper Tea Kettles, Spits, Pewter Beer Mugs, Cavalry Regulation Lace, Infantry Epaulets, Sword Knots, Cavalry and Infantry Regulation Swords and Sword Belts, embroidered Stars, Crowns, and Bugles, Cavalry Grey Cloth, Orange do. Russia Duck, Bicknell's Hats, Borradaile's do. Hosiery and Gloves Military and others, a variety of spare articles of Saddlery, Carriage Trimming and Carriage Lamps, Stationery, Playing Cards, Blank Books, Sea Charts, Ruled Music Paper, and some Books, Bassoon and Clarionet Reeds, Violin Pegs and Flutes and some strings, Flageolets with Books of Instruction, sets of Spare Strings for Pianos, Bengal Tables Cloths and Towels &c. &c. fresh Chinsurah Segars in Boxes, 2 pair of Six light Lustres.

WINES &c.

FRENCH CLARET,
Vin de Grave Sautern,
Very Superior Muscatel Frontigniac.
Some Liqueurs, Brandy in one dozen cases.
Bottle Corks, Salted Salmon in Jars, Fish and Meat Sauces, Sallad Oil, Leman's patent Biscuits in Cannisters.
For private sale, at reasonable price, excellent Old Cognac Brandy in Bottles.

Bombay, 24th October 1827.

Eduljee Cursetjee's Sons
HAVE RECEIVED,
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION.
A RIFLE
MADE TO ORDER WITH
HAIR TRIGGER.
AND HAS BEEN VERY LITTLE USED

PRICE Rs. 200.

Bombay, 24th October 1827.

NOTICE.

MESSRS. BALCRISTNA AND GOPAL.
ASSIGNEES TO THE LATE FIRM OF
BAXTER AND CO.

BEG leave to call the attention of parties indebted to the above late firm, whose accounts are not in a train of liquidation, to the repeated applications for an adjustment made to them, both by the late Mr. BAXTER, and subsequently by the Assignees, and to request that they will be good enough either to discharge their accounts, or to make arrangements for the gradual liquidation of the same, without further delay. The embarrassments of the Estate, and circumstances represented to the parties of the distress which their protracted delay occasions, leave the Assignees no alternative but proceeding at law against all who after this notice shall continue to withhold payment of their debts; and the Assignees are therefore under the necessity of intimating that all accounts which are not discharged or in a train of payment, before the 31st December next, will be put into the Solicitor's hands for recovery without further hesitation.

(2) *Bombay, 24th October* 1827.

For Passage to London

TO SAIL 1ST DECEMBER.
THE
FINE TEAK BUILT SHIP
Lady Nugent,
OF 600 TONS
R. B. Cotgrave Esq. R. N.
COMMANDER.

HAS excellent accommodation for Passengers, and carries a Surgeon.

Apply to Messrs. PATRICK STEWART AND CO.

Bombay, 24th October 1827.

Passage to London,

TO SAIL
ON THE 1ST DECEMBER.
AND WILL TOUCH,
AT THE CAPE,
The Katherine Stewart Forbes,
Capt. Ingram Chapman,

HAS very superior accommodation for Passengers, and carries a Surgeon.

Apply to Captain CHAPMAN, at the Office of Messrs. FORBES AND Co. where Plans of the Cabins may be seen.

Bombay, 24th October 1827.

TO SAIL

POSITIVELY ON THE 25TH NOVEMBER,

FOR LONDON DIRECT.

THE FINE FAST SAILING COPPERED *and Copper fastened Ship*

BOLTON, A. 1.

600 TONS

John Clarkson

COMMANDER.

(LATE OF THE CUMBRIAN.)

HAS very superior accommodation for Passengers, and carries an experienced Surgeon.—For particulars enquire of Captain CLARKSON at the Office of Messrs. REMINGTON CRAWFORD AND CO.

Bombay, 24th October 1827.

FOR SALE

AT THE

GAZETTE OFFICE,

BLANK BILLS of Exchange.
Powers of Attorney.
Interest and Respondentia Bonds.
Policies of Insurances.
Bills of Lading.
and
Price Currents.

Bombay 24th October 1827.

GENERAL ORDERS.

By the Hon'ble the Governor in Council.

BOMBAY CASTLE, 11TH OCTOBER 1827

No. 337 of 1827—Ensign H. S. Gunter is removed, at his own request, from the 2d European Regiment to the 20th Regiment N. I. in which he will rank below Ensign Johnson.

No. 338 of 1827—The undermentioned officers are permitted to proceed to England on furlough for the recovery of their health, for a period of three years from the date of their embarkation; Lieutenant G. Macan, of the 15th Regiment N. I.

Lieutenant Thomas Graham, of the 2d Grenadier Regiment Native Infantry.

No 339 of 1827—Surgeon L. Hathway is allowed a furlough to Europe, agreeably to the regulations, for three years from the date of his embarkation.

Surgeon James Orton is appointed to succeed Surgeon Hathway, [illegible]

Bombay Castle, 12th October 1827..

No. 340 of 1827—Major S. Hughes, of the 4th Regt. N. I. is allowed, a furlough to Europe for the recovery of his health, for three years from the date of his embarkation.

Bombay Castle, 13th October 1827.

No. 341 of 1827—The Hon'ble the Governor in Council has been pleased, in the Marine Department, to appoint Assistant Surgeon Buddo to the charge of the Medical duties of the Hon'ble Company,s Cruizer Ternate.

Bombay Castle, 15th October 1827.

No 342 of 1827,—The following promotions are made.

7th Regiment Native Infantry.

Ensign G. B. Lloyd to be Lieutenant, vice Richardson, deceased, Date of rank 8th October 1827.

15th Regiment Native Infantry.

Lieutenant W. Wilkney to be Captain, and Ensign J. E, Faikney to be Lieutenant, in succession to Edsall, deceased, --2d ditto.

Bombay Castle, 16th October 1827.

No 343 of 1827,--- Lieutenant Colonel Commandant W. Sandwith, of the 1st European Regiment, is permitted to resign the command of the Guicowar Subsidiary Force on the 10th of December next, and to proceed to Europe on furlough, agreeably to the Regulations.

Lieutenant Colonel Salter, of the 22d Regiment N. I. commanding the Malwa Field Force, is appointed to succeed Lieutenant Colonel Sandwith in the command of the Guicowar Subsidary Force.

No 344 of 1827,—Lieutenant R. W. Lukin, of the 16th Regiment N. I. is allowed a furlough to Europe for the recovery of his health, for two years from the date of his embarkation.

Bombay Castle, 17th October 1827.

No. 345 of 1827.—The following appointment is made on the recommendation of His Excellency the Commander in Chief.

15th Regiment Native Infantry.

Lieutenant T. Mitchell to be Quarter Master and Interpreter in the Hindoostanee and Mahratta Languages vice Macan proceeding to Europe,—Date of appointment 12th October 1827.

By Order of the Hon'ble the Governor in Council

W. NEWNHAM,

Chief Sec. to Govt.

MODERN PORTRAITS No. 1.

JOHN GALT

With the exception of the "Great Unknown" and the authoress of the "Cottagers of Glenburnie," there is no writer whose portraitures of the manners, customs, and language of the people of Scotland, have met with such general and unqualified success as the subject of this article.

Though it is not very long since the publication of the "ANNALS OF THE PARISH" which brought him more immediately, into notice, Mr. Galt is no novice in the thorny and too frequently barren walks of authorship. He gave birth to a vast progeny of novels, biographies, travels, and political pamphlets, the majority of which were short lived, and are now hardly known, even by name.—Few of these betray marks either of originality or genius—he had grievously mistaken his FORTE.—and after floundering awkwardly in almost every department of letters, he at last, by chance hit upon the only species of painting which suited his talents, and in which "THE SOOTH TO SAY" he has reached a very high point of excellence.

In the Annals of the Parish the minister (Anglice Parson) describes with all the solemnity of the historian of some mighty empire the simple every day incidents of his spiritual jurisdiction—It is from this, the humour chiefly arises—like Swift's memoirs of P. P.—Fieldings mock heroic combats between the sapient Partridge, and some ale wife—or the doughty "raids" of the peerless Sir Hudibras, that "mirrour of Knighthood and pink of courtesy" to use the inflated slang of the olden Romancers.

Galt has little or no imagination or invention—he has only a happy knack of describing those peculiarities of dress or speech which fall under his own immediate observation—What miserable failures are the narrative portions of the "SPAE WIFE",—"ROTHDEN" and "The last of the LAIRDS".—The most contemptible Minerva Press scrawler could surpass, or at least equal him here—In fact, it it is only those rich morsels of genuine humour in the descriptions of his low Scotch personages, which, like fitful streaks of sunshine on the bleak thunder clothed side of some alpine cliff, enliven and redeem these works.

Mr. Galt in person, is rather above the middle stature, and inclines to corpulency—his face is rather hard featured, and marked with the small pox. It would require an experienced disciple of Lavater to discover any traces of genius there; but there is a redeeming activity in his little grey eye, which rescues his physiognomy from the charge of stupidity.

You might walk with him for hours together, amidst natures wildest and most sublime scenes—you might lead him to some green lane, comprehending a view of those romantic lakes rendered sacred by the residence of a Coleridge or a Wordsworth—you might place him on a lone and beetling rock, looking down on an unfathomable highland gully, where at an unmeasureable space beneath you, might be seen the proud Condor mounting scarce the dimensions of a puny swallow;—still, his eye would retain the same cold uniformity, unsoftened by the calm loveliness, or uninspired by the gigantic ruggedness of nature.—But show him some scene of unsophisticated low life—show him for instance, two old *Carlines* seated on a *green knowe* in a serene [illegible] conscious richness of old fashioned garrulity, some tale of "bygane times"—show him such a scene, and you will see by the animation, which will suddenly light up his, till then, dead features, that it is no common person, you are in company with.

I once had the good fortune to meet the pedagogue who had the honour of instilling into him by arguments "a posteriori" the rudiments of the *belles lettres*.—He said that he was never more surprized then when he heard that "*Daft Jock Galt*" was turned author; for when with him, he had the thickest head in the school. It is rather singular that to so many of our most distinguished literati, the same remark applies; and that vice versa, precocious geniuses, like Masters Betty and Dallas generally sink into a state of calm jog-trot insignificance, at a period when the faculties of other people are ripening into perfection. Perhaps some of your metaphysical correspondents may give us an explication of this, and whether these said *precocites* ever renew their intellectual vigour in old age.

To conclude—so long as Galt confines himself to his proper sphere—so long as he keeps to sketches of low or still life—all is well—But he is no more capable of writing a novel on general subjects, than Allan is of painting the BLIND FIDDLER, or Wilkie the murder of Archbishop Sharp.

JASPER.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

MR. EDITOR.

Being occasionally troubled with the cacoethes scribendi, I have been told the best method to cure myself of this malady, is to submit my lucubrations to the eye of the public—If they be bearable, a blank space has been filled up, and an idle moment occupied—if not, then the disorder finds its remedy, the Editor castigates gently; but your friends wonder who made such a fool of himself in to-day's paper—you are perhaps asked if you do not consider yourself an ass? and such like cheering expressions; whilst you must bear every lash without wincing, and force yourself into the cry of "I wonder who it could have been"—This would be enough to cure the gout even, much more the writing mania—Am not I therefore right, my dear Sir, in requesting your assistance towards the cure by occasionally admitting a few of my productions in your valuable paper? You may call me bold, but none but the brave deserve the fair.

It appears strange that men who profess to be actuated by regard for the public, should endeavour to turn away by ridicule, the minds of the rich, from the work of mental improvement amongst the poor.—Such writers as the English John Bull, so justly reprobated by the India Gazette, as quoted in your last paper, say, keep the poor from the dangers of knowledge, the cobbler, the tailor, ann the hatter will take to Bacon and Locke, and we shall have to go barefooted, barebacked, and bareheaded—Every one knows that a man will eventually turn his labours to that for which he can can find a market—If all were booksellers who would buy?—If all preached, who would listen? According to the doctrines of the present age, population will almost indefinitely increase—It becomes therefore necessary, to prevent incalculable misery, that the means of its support should keep pace, which can only do so in proportion to the power applied to effect it.—Knowledge is power, and to use the words of an eloquent writer "if we would cultivate the earth, we must first cultivate the people—these are the instruments we have to work with; if they are rude and ill adapted to the work to be performed, can we be surprized that nothing is done, or that it is badly done? It is impossible that a grossly ignorant people possessing a degree of intelligence hardly raised above that of the brutes they drive, could be fit instruments to obtain from the kindly earth, what she is willing to bestow, upon skill and intelligence only—We have seen ragged and imbruted ignorance starving, when a little skill and knowledge would have found abundant means of support—What large tracks of land remain uncultivated, owing to the want of skill, and misapplied labor and capital of the land holders in this country—Any one who has listened to the creaking of the well tackle, whilst the bullocks have been slothfully dragging their watery load, till its contents are sent forth to irrigate the surrounding fields, must have remarked the vast waste of labor in the whole apparatus—one third of the water taken from the bottom seldom reaches its destination—What is it but ignorance that prevents the natives of all classes from profiting by the experience of their more enlightened rulers?—The intelligent natives have felt this to to the case, and by establishing the Elphinstone Professorships have set a worthy example to their countrymen. I know some who look with contempt on the education Society, to such I apply these words "men loved darkness rather "than the light, because their deeds were evil."

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Your's faithfully,

SIDK.

Bombay, 19th October 1827.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

SIR,

I unhappily witnessed a most melancholy accident, while enjoying my ride on Monday evening, close to the back of the Jail—A native woman was washing some linen on [illegible] intended for a Tank, but which had not been completed—when on a sudden her foot slipped from the rock on which she stood, and she was precipitated headlong into the water—Several natives were present, and a mob instantly collected, but no one ventured to her rescue—I strove but in vain to stimulate their courage by a handsome bribe, and the woman sank to rise no more.

Similar fatal accidents are of very frequent occurrence throughout the Island, and I imagine may be mainly attributed to the slovenly mode of excavating and enclosing tanks and wells. The evil cries loudly for a remedy, but I leave it to the proper authorities to suggest and carry it into practice.

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

BENEVOLUS.

"C'est Saint Roch et son Chien"

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

SIR,

I consider no man guilty or a rogue upon the simple statement of another man.—"A. "throws out at random some loose thought—"B. catches it up and tells you what A. thinks; "at least what A. said:—C. tells, you what "has been said by A. and B. and thus like "an avalanche the mass rolls on."—I am one of many who admire Mr. Erskine's literary talents and acquirements.—I owe him nothing—and he owes nothing to me.—Our acquaintance and intercourse were common-place; and had not a tinge of friendship, as I understand that term.—I signed an address to Mr. Erskine nevertheless, assuring him of my respect—a mere every day compliment to any man of celebrity, by which I thought myself the most highly honored party, in knowing just so much of that gentleman as to presume to rank myself among his "Friends" on such an occasion.

Justice, Sir, is even-handed: it does not skulk from its duty: it does not throw out imputations where it ought to apply both remedies and punishment. Does Giovanni presume to impose on the world the task of believing him, when he insinuates that Mr. Erskine, having robbed the community, departed without indemnifying those he robbed? Was no reparation due to the sufferers? Why should an option be given to Mr. Erskine, and no option be given to other delinquents of a trial by Jury? Does Giovanni pretend to say that mercy and favor to Mr. Erskine interposed to wrest a delinquent from punishment, and individuals from acquiring a just retribution for their wrongs? or does he wilfully misunderstand a plain question? No Sir, I cannot credit the assertion that a trial or no trial was left to the delinquents choice.

Mr. Erskine may be guilty or not guilty of robberies.—So may or may not Giovanni—but I, for one, would believe neither of them Guilty, till I should see that, after the question of their delinquency had been agitated before a public tribunal, their guilt was regularly established.—I never heard that Mr. Erskine's guilt was so established.—I heard he was suspected of corruption.—[illegible] I know also that natives actuated by hostile motives swear to any falsehood.—How was I to judge?—There was a rumour of this, and a rumour of that.—I chose and continue to choose to believe Mr. Erskine innocent, however respectable a man Giovanni may be—Giovanni would have run the risk of an explosion from the mine over which he has been disporting himself, had he been any other than St. Roch's faithful attendant.—He ought to "ware the Hawk" nevertheless.

Is Giovanni Mr. Erskine's personal enemy, or is he not? His testimony and assertions will demand more or less of the credit of the public, when he answers this question; and when he explains why so great a robber as he describes Mr. Erskine to be, was not forced (nolens volens) to stand a trial, and sentenced, if Guilty, to refund the robberies alleged by Giovanni, and to be otherwise publicly disgraced.

GIACOMO.

20th October 1827.

NOTE.—Giacomo seems, naturally enough, to have been misled by the indefinite purport of Giovanni's letter, into the belief that the surcharges, with the commission of which Mr. Erskine is therein accused, were alleged by our correspondent, to form part of the grounds of that gentleman's dismissal from office—We understand that the taxation of the "List of Bill of Costs" did not take place until after Mr. Erskine left the country; and that it was not therefore mentioned in Court as the ground of his dismissal.—We redeem the pledge, however, given in our own last, to insert a defence of Mr. Erskine; but from subsequent intimations to ourselves, we beg to notify to the community that we cannot continue the correspondence on the subject; and accordingly decline publishing another letter sent to us by Giovanni; as well as one, on the other side, which contains matter that infringes on the Press Regulations of Government.—In adopting this course we feel anxious to give these correspondents the fullest explanation of our motives; and they will accordingly find at the Gazette Office, packets for each, in the course of Friday; as we shall have leisure between this and that day, to complete the task.—ED.

EXCHANGE, &c.

On London, at 6 months sight. 1 | 8½ per Rupee?
Calcutta, at 30 days sight, 106¼ B'by Rs. per 0 | 0 Sas
Madras, at 30 days sight, 99½ B'by Rs. per 0 | 0 Madras.

BAZAR VALUE OF COMPANY'S PAPER.

Remittable notes 135 Bombay Rs, per 0 | 0 Siccas
Unremittable do. 105 do. per 0 | 0 do.
Notes of the present 5 per Cent. Loan opened in Bengal on the 18th August 1825, selling at 106¼. B'bay per 0 | 0 Sircas.

PRICES OF BULLION.

Spanish Dollars 100 per 221 B'by Rs.
German Crowns 100 per 213 Ditto.

GOVERNMENT LOANS.

Subscriptions to the present 5 per cent Loan opened in Bengal on the 18th August 1825. are receivable at the General Treasury at Bombay at the rate of 106½. Bombay Rupees per 0 | 0 Siccas; being intrinsic value.

Treasury notes issued by the Bombay Government at 5 Reas per Cent. per diem, payable 12 months after date.

THE GAZETTE.

BOMBAY.

WEDNESDAY, 24TH OCTOBER 1827.

The past week increases the number of those which have proved barren of arrivals from Europe; but the Files in our possession still yield ample food for the Gazette; and the extracts in the present number, will we trust amuse as much as previous ones were calculated to interest our readers.

Yesterday arrived the George the Fourth, last from Muscat the 11th instant.—By this opportunity we have received letters from Colonel Macdonald's Camp to the end of July, which represent the late operations between the contending forces on the Persian frontiers, to have been more fatal to the Persians than former accounts seemed to indicate; as in these letters, we read of the defeat of the Asuf-oo-Dowleh, and the entire dispersion of his troops. Whatever may be the real extent, however, of the loss on the side of the Persians, the Russians

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 28 June, 2017

appear, without any creditable effort of their own, to have gained great advantages from the pusillanimity or treachery of their adversaries; as the garrison of Abbasabad had basely delivered up the place, and gone over to the enemy; with the exception of the Bucktiares, a faithful body of men, who effected their escape by swimming the Araxes in the night.

In the action of the 16th July, the same as mentioned in former accounts, the standard of the Prince Royal was taken by the Cossacks; and on the following morning, General Poskevitch sent this trophy, by the hands of the Chief of Karebaugh to the gate of Abbasabad, to assure the garrison that the Persian Army had been defeated, and put to flight.—This seems to have convinced the garrison, the greater part of which was before inclined to join the Russians; and the fortress was consequently surrendered into their hands.

[redacted]

they could not for a moment be
At the time our letters left, each party was therefore making every preparation for further hostilities.

We have late letters from the Deccan describing the movements of some of the troops sent from Poona against Kolapore; but the information given in our last as to the Rajah's pusillanimity being fully confirmed, it seems unnecessary, now, to enter into the details of a bloodless campaign—The troops were however subjected to considerable inconvenience by heavy rains during the march, and after passing through Meritch and Maishalla took three days to cross the Kristna which they reached on the 5th of the month, at the spot where the Panchgunga joins it—Several camp followers and beasts of burden were drowned in crossing—On the 10th they met the troops under Colonel Welsh, when the whole force was disposed in Brigades, and proceeded direct on the capital, Kolapore.—On their approach the Rajah became fully sensible of his real danger, and descended from his usual tone of overbearing insolence to that of abject submission.— Before the day (the 15th) expired, [illegible] the terms of the British Government, and gave us military possession of Kolapore.—On account of the unhealthiness of the place the troops have not entered it; but are encamped close under its walls. —His Highness we believe is under no personal restraint, and will be allowed still to *misgovern* his oppressed subjects; but it is to be hoped that this cowardly despot will be put under some strict and salutary restraints. —The Kolapore troops are understood to be fast dispersing, and several petty Forts have been given up to the British.

The Cholera has made its appearance in Camp and has carried off several European Soldiers and Native Suttlers; but we do not learn that it has yet attacked the Sepoys. The country about Kolapore is most luxuriant, and the rain continues to fall in torrents.

Poona, too, while we were suffering here under oppressive heat, was visited by cooling and delightful showers. Thank God! the mornings are now ushered in by cool and refreshing land breezes.

It is said that the society of Poona lately met to resolve on some appropriate mode of evincing their feelings of attachment and respect for the Hon'ble the Governor, who spent so many years of his invaluable life among them; but we are unable to communicate the result of the Meeting.

On Sunday evening last the Steamer Ganges from Calcutta entered the harbour in fine style.—We understand that from the time the Pilot left her, she had taken 24 days to the passage—In rounding Ceylon and while coming up the Malabar Coast she encountered rough weather and heavy head Seas, which, with detention on the Coromandel Coast to take in fuel and the time lost at Point de Galle, tended considerably to retard her progress; but after all she made a quicker passage by two or three weeks than a common sailing vessel could do at the present season.

The Ganges was built at Calcutta, and may be about 350 tons burthen, she is rigged as a Brigantine, with the masts of a vessel of half her tonnage.—She has elegant accommodations and quite as commodious as those of a 500 ton Free Trader—She can steam in smooth water at the rate of 8½ Knots per hour, and sails 6½ Knots with a free wind, and her paddles up—Her daily consumption of Coals is 5 tons; which we imagine must be greater than that of the Steamers now built in Europe.

Mr. Lushington late Chief Secretary to the Supreme Government, and his Lady came passengers on the Ganges; as also Captain Crawford of the H. C. Marine. It is said that the Ganges will soon take a trip up the Red Sea, and on her return will be employed to keep open a constant communication between the Persian Gulph and the Presidency.

The following account of the arrival in India of the new Governor of Goa is taken from the last Courier—We are disposed to think that His Excellency has made but a poor exchange in resigning the Government of Madeira for that of Goa—the latter office certainly gives superior rank and will entitle him to a voice in the Portuguese national Councils, but the Salary is only Rs 18,000 per annum; and there can be but few other inducements to draw an European thither—whilst the Island of Madeira is comparatively a paradise and if the emoluments of Office be not greater, the place is more wealthy and affords better means of making a fortune by trade; in which the Portuguese functionaries usually dabble.

The dislike which is said to exist against the late Provisional Government of Goa can be [illegible] for the Archbishop who was at

[redacted]

Governor General of Portuguese India Don Manoel Portugal e Cartro, who embarked at Madeira having made over that government to another, who came in that ship from Lisbon to succeed him. The Governor landed on the 7th under the usual salutes, and took his seat on the 9th with acclamations of joy from the people and inhabitants at large, who seem glad of the arrival of the new Governor, as they were not much satisfied with the members of the last Government, and their Secretary. There arrived in the above ship three Judges from the Judicial Department, and a Head Physician. The ship touched at Mosambique, and left it on the 1st of last month.

We notice the following arrival at St. Helena on the 14th June.—The Brig Catherine, Capt. T. Kincaird, from Bombay, Lieut. Phillips, 1st Grenadier Regiment B. E. died at St. Helena on the 19th June.

Fifteen respectable Hindoos were summoned as Petit Jurors for the last Criminal Sessions at Madras.

[redacted] closes, we believe, this evening.

THE COURIER.—OCTOBER 20TH.

We have been authorized to state, that at a numerous meeting of Gentlemen, held at the Mess Room in the Town Barracks on Thursday last, pursuant to the notification in the "Gazette" of the preceding day, it was resolved to invite the Honorable MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE to a public entertainment, to be given to him on the occasion of his approaching departure from Bombay, and that a deputation was appointed to wait on MR. ELPHINSTONE for the purpose of notifying the same to him. The entertainment fixed on is a Ball and Supper on a grand scale. A copy of the Resolutions passed at the Thursday meeting, with a list of subscribers to the entertainment, will be open for signature at the Town Major's Office until the 6th November.

Since our last publication of news from the frontiers of Persia we have received the following further particulars about the operations of the Russians against the Fortress of Erivan.

On or about the 25th of June General Paskevitch assumed the personal command of the troops before that fortress, and his arrival was announced by a summons to the garrison to surrender, on condition of being allowed to retire with their private property and the honours of war. To this summons the veteran Chief returned for answer, that he was now an old man, to whom life was no longer an object.—that the town had been intrusted to his care by his Sovereign, whose confidence it were base to betray—and that it was his duty, no less than his determination, to defend the fortress to the utmost of his power.

The following night was employed by the Russians in advancing their approaches and in the construction of new batteries, from which for four or five successive days a heavy but fruitless fire was opened on the works, not a single man having suffered from its effects, and the walls sustaining no further injury than the partial destruction of the upper part of the parapet. The fire from the place was very superior to that of the besiegers, whose batteries were at last silenced. The siege was raised on the night of the 1st instant, and the Imperial army after an investment of two months, during which period no effort was made by the Persians for the relief of the garrison, broke up from before the place and abandoned the enterprise,

General Paskevitch, with the larger proportion of his troops, took the road to Nukshewan; the sick and infirm were sent to Eutchkteesea, and a strong detachment withdrew towards Aberan and Lovee, with the intention, it is supposed, of keeping open the communication and of protecting the convoys expected from that city. This is said to be the third time the Russians have failed in their endeavours to capture Erivan, in itself a paltry fortress, that could not have withstood the regular attack of a British army for more than ten, or at the furthest twenty days. Their batteries and trenches were subsequently levelled or filled up by the Sirdar, who was stated to be occupied in repairing the damage done to the walls, and had collected upwards of three thousand shot and shells expended by the Russians during the siege. Several carts, with some bags of flour, were left in the camp, and the gabions and fascines would serve the garrison as fuel for a year to come.

It was said that General Buckendoff, the second in command, had been placed in arrest for his conduct in the action against Hussan Khan, and that disease had begun to make considerable progress amongst the troops.

[redacted]

Ensign R. D. Stuart 14th Regt,

NAUTICAL CHRONICLE
AND NAVAL REPORT.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS.—Oct, 21st The H. C. Steam Vessel Ganges, Robt. Jump, Com. from Calcutta left 26th Sept. Point de Galle 14th Oct.

Ship King George the Fourth, P. Butler Com. rom Muscat 11th October.

Passengers per Ganges.—Mr. and Mrs. Lushington, and Capt. Crawford, Bombay Marine.

Per King George.—Mr. Morgan H. C. Marine.

DEPARTURES.—18th Portuguese Ketch of War Illustre Zargo. Capt. R. E. Monteiro, to Demaun,

SHIPS LOADING.

English.—Bolton, for London.
Competitor, for ditto.
Katherine Stewart Forbes, for ditto.
Clairmont, for Persian Gulph.

CALCUTTA.

SHIPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

SEPT. —27. Ship Kingston, W. A. Bowen, from London 8th May, Johanna, 12th August, and Madras 16th September.

— Arab Ship Cabras, Nacoda Imaul, from Muscat 18th August.

Sept. 28.— Ship William Wilson, A. Carmichael, from Rangoon 10th September.

— Ship Asia, Felix. G. Jellicoe, from Bombay 2d September and Madras 20th.

— Ditto. French Ship Harmonie, M. Ayorny, from Bordeaux 29th May.

— Arab Ship Abassy, Abdullah. from Muscat 21st August.

Sept. 29.— Ship Duke of Lancaster, A. Hannay, from Liverpool 1st June.

— Brig Tigress, P. Sheriff, from Glasgow 6th May.

— Brig William Young, A. Morison, from Liverpool 28th April.

— Ship Dunn, J. Hicks, from London 16th February.

— Brig Rifleman, J. Hawkins, from Mauritius 27th August.

— American Ship Pacific, J. Wootten, from Philadelphia 9th May.

— French Ship La Laure, J. Charles, from Bordeaux 29th August.

OCTOBER 1.—The Brazilian Ship Flora, Captain J. J. De Basilião, from Rio de Janeiro 4th July.

— The Arab Ship Fazerobany, Nacoda, from Muscat 27th August.

Oct. 3.—Ship Eliza, D. Sutton, from London 5th June, and Madras.

Passengers per Kingston, from London:—Mrs. Gale; Mrs. Davies; Mrs. C. Davies; Miss C. Gale; Miss Maria Gale; Miss Gerrard; Miss Harriett Gerrard; Miss Margaret Gerrard; Miss Kennedy; Miss Phillips; Miss Fernie; Miss Davies; Miss C. Davies; Major J. L. Gale, B. N. I; C. Thackery, Esq. Barrister; J. H. Swinhoe, Esq. Solicitor; Messrs. H. Lindesay and W. St. Leger Forrest, Cadets; Messrs. J. D. P. Clarke, J. Gale, and T. Lindlay, Free Merchants.

Per Asia Felix:—Mrs Jellicoe; Miss Jellicoe; Captain Wallace, Country Service; Mr. Sinclair, do.

Per Duke of Lancaster:—Mrs. Barlow; Mrs. Maxwell; J. H. Barlow, Esq.; Captain H. Maxwell.

Per Rifleman:—Captain G. Young, Bengal Army.

The Rifleman spoke the Ship Felicitas, on the 22d August, 32 days from Rangoon, off Gunjava. bound to Madras.

Per Pacific, from Philadelphia:—Messrs. D. Blackie and J. W. Rubon, Super Cargoes; Mr. Caspar Morris, Surgeon; Messrs. W. S. Mitchell, G. Lamb, and H. McElroy.

From Madras:—Mr. H. Ervin.

On the 6th June, in Lat. 14° 53' N. Long 26° 23' W. the Pacific spoke the Brig Columbine, of London, from Liverpool, bound to Bahia; and on the 14th June, in the Lat. 6° 43' N. Long. 19° 59' W spoke the Ship Clyde, 32 days from Liverpool, bound for Bombay.

The Brig William Young, on the 15th June, in Lat. 0° 12' N. Long. 23° 30' spoke the Ship Symmetry, off Scarborough, from Calcutta to London.

DEPARTURES.

SEPT. —26- Brig Minerva. J. Norris, for Rangoon.

Sept. 26.— H. C. Cruizer Antelope, T. Elwon, for Madras—Ship Echo, H. Thompson, for Liverpool.

Sept. 30.— H. C. Steam Vessel Enterprise, J. H. Johnston, for Molmein.

The undermentioned vessels gone to sea; viz.
September 25. Maria.
September 26. Pallas and Virgine.
September 28. Ganges, (H. C. S. V.)
September 30. Indiana.

MADRAS.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

OCTOBER 5.—Ship David Scott, R. Thornhill, from Calcutta 11th September.

— 6th Brig Norfolk, M. Kingsell, from Cuddalore 5th October.

— 7th Ship Frances Charlotte, James Talbert, from Calcutta 13th September.

— 8th H. C. Ship Ernaad, A. Corstorphan, from Masulipatam 3d October.

— 9th Ship Felicitas, P. Campbell, from Rangoon 16th August, and Coringa 2d October.

DEPARTURES.

OCTOBER —6. Ship La Corvette de S. M. T. C. La Chervette, Fabre, for Calcutta.

[redacted] Coromandel, Labal, for Calcutta.

[redacted] for Calcutta.

Ship Frances Charlotte, Captain J. Talbert.
Ship Eleanor, Captain C. Tabor.
Ship Felicitas, Captain P. Campbell.
Brig Hottentot, Captain J. Sinclair.
Brig Louisa, Captain R. Harris.
Brig Emelia. Captain Dufoy.
Brig Skylark, Captain F. L. Symers.
Brig Grecian, Captain J. Allen.
Brig Norfolk, Captain M. Kingsell.

MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, AND DEATHS.
BOMBAY.

DEATHS.—At Baroda, on the 2d inst. aged 38, Captain Edsall, Commanding 15th Regt. N. I. The very afflicting death of this amiable and highly respectable officer was contracted from sleeping in the open air during a fog, which carried him off in few days.

"The memory of the just is blessed,"

We attempt no eulogy—we feel a sure and certain hope, that he fell asleep in the joyful hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ.

On the 19th Instant, Mrs Amelia Tedman, Aged 34 years.

CALCUTTA.

MARRIAGE.—At Calcutta, on the 1st October, at the Cathedral, by the Reverend J. R. Henderson, Junior Chaplain, R. Wright, Esq to Eliza, Widow of the late Lieut John Walker.

BIRTHS.—At Fort William, on Thursday. the 27th September the Lady of Lieutenant C. Douglas, 2d in Command of the Rungapore Light Infantry, of a Daughter.

At Calcutta, on the 30th Sept. the Lady of A. R Jackson, Esq. of a Son.

At Hoogley. on the 1st October the Lady of W. H. Bell, Esq. Civil Service, of a daughter.

DEATHS.—At Calcutta, on the 30th Sept. Mrs. Anne Hyppollte, aged 36 years.

At Calcutta on the 1st October, Mrs. Matilda Mackenzie, the Lady of Charles Mackenzie, Esq. C. S. aged 39 years.

At Ram Collah Factory in Zillah Sarun, Archer Charles Edward Willson, Esq. aged 27 years.

MADRAS.

BIRTHS.—On the 4th Instant, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel George Codel, of a daughter.

At Masulipatam, on the 19th September, the Lady of Lieutenant Odell of the 25th Regiment N. I. of a Daughter.

At Cocanadah, on the 30th September, the Lady of J. T. Anstey, Esq. Civil Service, of a Son.

DEATH.—At Ramnad, on the 28th September, Mr. Thomas Taylor, Surveyor, aged 29 years leaving a wife and daughter to deplore his loss.

Calcutta.

CURRENT VALUE OF GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

BUY. Prem.	Calcutta, OCTOBER, 2,, 1827.	SELL. Prem.	
26 0	Remittable Loans 5 per Cent.	25 0	
0 4	Old 5 per Cent. Loan,	0 10	Discount
Prem. 2	New ditto ditto	0 2	
5200 0	Bank of Bengal Share	5000 0	Prem

BANK OF BENGAL RATES.

Discount on Government and Salary Bills	4 0
Ditto on Private Bills	6 0
Interest on Loans on Deposit	5 0

BANK SHARES.

BUY	PREMIUM	SELL
Bank Share prem.	5,000 to 52,00	

RATES OF EXCHANGE.

BUY.	CALCUTTA.	SELL
1s. 11	On London 6 Months sight, per Sa. Rs. 1	11¾.
	On Bombay 30 Days ditto, per 100 Bombay Rs. 86.	
	On ditto, 92 a 96 Sa. Rs. per 100 Madras Rupees	

We learn from Benares, that the Ganges has risen there higher, this year than in any year, since 1752 or 1753. The water extended to Indradynman and the Matsyodara Tank, and

for three or four days Bhairo Bazer, was completely inundated.—*Udanca Martanda.*

The Govt. Gaz. October 1.

Letters were received yesterday, from the Fleet of the Right Hon'ble the Governor General, of the 30th of last month, off Jungypore. It was expected that the Fleet would reach Moorshedabad on the following day, and would remain there four or five days, Two or three more would bring them, at this season, to Calcutta, so that we may calculate on His Lordship's arrival, probably, in the course of next week.

The Govt. Gaz. October 4,

Madras.

CURRENT VALUE OF
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
Wednesday, October 16.

Six per Cent Bengal Remittable Loan.
At the Rate of Subscription, viz. 360 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees.....28¾ *Premium.*
At a Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz. 106¼ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rupees.....26¾ *Premium*

Five per Cent Bengal Unremittable Loan.
At the Rate of Subscription, viz. 360 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees.....¾ *Discount.*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz. 106¼ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rupees 1¼ *Discount.*

Penang.

By the arrival, on the 8th Instant, of the H. C. Ship Waterloo, Captain Manning from England, last from Madras the 29th ultimo, the long expected Charter for the incorporated Settlements reached this Island. On the following morning at 10 o'clock, the Honorable the Governor and Resident Councillor having assembled in order to receive Sir John Thomas Claridge, Knight, Recorder of the Court of Judicature established for Prince of Wales' Island, Singapore, and Malacca, proceeded with Sir John Thomas Claridge to the Court House, and having severally taken their seats on the Bench and the prescribed Oaths, His Majesty's Letters Patent establishing the Court of Judicature of Prince of Wales Island, Singapore and Malacca, dated the twenty-seventh day of November, one thousand eight hundred and twenty six, were then delivered over by the Recorder to the Honorable the Governor, and publicly read under a Royal Salute.

Alexander John Kerr, Esq. ... appointed Registrar, under the Charter, until further orders, and took the necessary oaths therein prescribed.

The H. C. Ship Hyde, passed the Island on the 10th Instant, at about twenty miles distance, on her voyage from Bombay to China, and sent in Letters by a Country boat all well, and fully laden.—*Register, &c. Aug* 22.

THE OPERA BOX. No. 1.

Present, the Countess of——, Lady Fanny ——— and Sir Felix Dilletante—Time, Second Act of "Ricciardo."

"Is this, my Lord, the manner of their talk?"
"It is even so, young scholar."

OLD PLAY.

Sir Felix. My dear Lady Fanny, you listen not to the music. The trio they are now performing is one of the most exquisite of the inventions of Rossini.

Lady Fanny. Ah me! I was, indeed, for a moment absent. I was thinking of the shocking manner in which poor Clara threw herself away the other day. It makes me quite unhappy to reflect how the dear deluded girl has linked herself to a man not only without a grain of principle, but also without even a tolerable connection. What a foolish silly creature!—Besides, her being in such a hurry is the most dreadful breach of decorum I ever heard of—totally inconsistent with Clara's refinement and delicacy of feeling—I can never forgive her *that.*

Sir Felix. Poor thing! but there are stranger things connected with *la belle passion,* than are dreamt of in your gentle philosophy: for example, allow me to direct your attention for a moment to the agreeable antediluvian in the opposite box in our tier—there—she approximates the girls in the *Berris,* which by the way I should recommend to you ladyship's consideration—they have a very sentimental air, and look like the caps of the young college-student whom we saw in Germany. There! you must see her; she is basking in the smile of that quizzical impertinent, Charles Huntly, who is doing his best to tantalize her. Pray admire for a moment the yellow loveliness of that Arabian skin, that lack-a-daisical and lack-lustre eye, that charming approximation of the interesting features of her face, and and that most attenuated of forms. What a disgusting creature! Look at her rouge und her chaplet of white roses. Ugh! She claws her glass like your ladyship's macaw clinging to the bars of her brazen cage. *Fi donc!* I can bear it no longer. Now could you by any accident conceive that that most unloveable and impossible person should have dared to fancy herself in love—to even dream of passion? But after you are told so, can you regret the fate of your friend, whose lot appears celestial when compared with that of this preposterous dowager? I could if I would, but that I hate scandal, tell you *such* a story about our *vis-a-vis.* I may however hint that there are certain anecdotes in circulation, of advances on the ancient lady's part, not of a very equivocal nature, to——

Countess. Hush, Sir Felix, you are transgressing all the ——

Sir Felix. Facts, my lady, come within the letter.

Countess. By no means. I admit no scandal but that of my own invention; and as I do not feel excessively spiteful this moment, I positively will not suffer you to speak otherwise than panegyrically. So, if it please you, exercise your discretion, and abandon personalities; suffer our pensive Fanny to continue her meditations, and let your antique adversary unmolestedly enjoy her delusion. By the by, I shall scold Huntly when I see him.

Sir Felix. Gentlest of your sex! But I may not reward your toleration in the way you propose. I will endeavour to study an impromptu—to elaborate an extempore effusion about your many graces; though the thing is impossible in the absolute presence of your radiant self, and under the glances of your laughing eyes. Well—I am dumb. Bravo! Bravo! Listen to Toso. Her voice seems to search every recess in the house. By heaven! I must give D'Egville a hint—she must learn to dance for the sole reason that she may know how to walk; all I fear is, that when she improves in this as in other particulars, she will lose something of that winning simplicity, that perfect abandonment to the impulses of her character, which at present "mark her for their own." She may indeed be taught to sing with more science, and to face the stage more according to the received forms; but she will, I think, be the worse for it.

Lady Fanny. Precisely my sentiments; though the Countess, I am sure, will not agree with us. *Mais voila!* Mrs. Fitzgerald, one of your favourites, has just taken her place.

The Countess. Now, Sir Felix, for the heroics.

Sir Felix. Laugh on as much as you please, but she is a superb woman.

Lord Lispington manifests himself.

friend of yours—Mrs. Fitzgerald.

Lord Lisp. Indeed! a very fine creature. Look what a pretty arm she has; a Juno in that respect, Sir Felix.

Lady Fanny. I've been dying to hear your opinion of Toso, my Lord. How did she sing to-night?

Lord Lisp. Positively I can't say. Did she sing.

Lady Fanny. You affected creature! Learn then that she did sing, and sing delightfully too.—Why, that look of wonderment? Did you approve of the veil?

Lord Lisp. Did she wear a veil?

Lady Fanny. Forbear, trifler. Sir Felix here, has been plaguing me with similitudes, that bear no resemblance, of moons, and cloud's, and prophets, and priestesses, till I lost all patience, and threatened to expel him. But she is a delightful creature. Didn't you think her dress magnificent?

Lord Lisp. Magnificent! Was it magnificent?

Lady Fanny. Yes, you intolerable and most unobservant Lord. She reminds *me* of Lady William Russell. I quite doat upon her, she is so very-lady-like.

Lord Lisp. Particularly so.

The Countess. Sir Felix, shall we have a good season?

Sir Felix. Capital, if Ebers fulfils his promises. Pasta in May, or sooner, Galli next week, and Sontag towards the latter part of the season.

Lady Fanny. Poor Zuchelli! how I regret him, he made such an amiable Turk!

Sir Felix. I prefer Galli. We are to have an abundance of new Operas. Coccia is to produce his Marie Stuart, with Pasta and Toso as Mary and Elizabeth. Rossini's Siege of Corinth is also talked of, to introduce another debutante, a relative of Toso. By-the-bye my Lord, did you hear that Puzzi sports the agreeable?—natural consequences of approximation.

Countess. Stop, Sir Felix, and tell me who those people are on the third tier, with the very French head-dresses—quite remarkable!

Sir Felix. Quite unconscious;—singular style—very *recherché,* and very pretty girls. I can't think how they came to escape my observation. They seem to have every glass directed to their box.

Lady Fanny. Have you been indulged with a sight of "*May Fair?*" They tell me I am mentioned in it.

Sir Felix. Utterly impossible; or if so, depend upon it you are praised. It is quite good-natured. Alvanley would never handle a lady rudely.

Lady Fanny. Well, I must hope for the best.

Mr. Masterton Pelham enters.

Mr. Pelham. How d'ye do, Lady Fanny?—*Madama La Contessa,* I am charm'd to see you. Ah, Sir Felix!—your hand.

Sir Felix. Masterton, glad to see you. When did you arrive?

Pelham. Just in time to dress. I left Oxford early in the morning, but loitered away an hour or two at Henley. Oxford is dreadfully dull during a vacation. A very suicidal place!

The Countess. So I should think, to a man of refinement, a Tremaine like Mr. Pelham.—By-the-by, have you brought up with you the sketches you promised? I shall employ the young artist you speak of as my scene-painter, at some of my private theatricals. He must not, however, give me any thing so unclassical as that scene in the Divertissement, which is a shameful substitute for the prettiest ballet imaginable. You haven't seen it, Pelham?

Lady Fanny. What a pity! Brocard makes the most fascinating of fencers. You must come on Saturday.

Lord Lispington. What are you murmuring about scene-painters, Sir Felix?

Sir Felix. Merely saying that I must call Ebers's attention to his artists, who might be a little improved in their classical designs, which are hardly sufficiently imbued with the features of antiquity.

Lady Fanny. Did you not think the scenes in Medea were admirable?

Sir Felix. Yes, many of them; but yet there is a certain want of the union of simplicity and serene majesty, which, we conceive, must have characterised the fanes and landscapes of Greece.

Pelham. We shall see what Martin will make of his new picture, on a subject of more remote antiquity than any thing Athenian—"The Downfal of Nineveh," about which Buckingham has been so interesting and explanatory in his late Oriental discoveries.

Sir Felix. I fear for Martin. His mind is high fantastical—not classical. Witness his best work—"The Destruction of Pompeii." Martin, however, and perhaps he is right, will not be advised. He tried once to go in trammels, and very awkward he was in them. The Duke of Buckingham, who commissioned Martin to paint the Tragedy of Pompeii and Herculaneum, is well acquainted with ... ly stood, and with all which antiquarian learning has discovered and conjectured concerning them. All this, he wished to impress upon the mind of the artist, together with his own ideas of the proper method of representing the frightful catastrophe. Martin very dutifully set about adopting the suggestions of his patron; but the labour did not prosper: the sketches were unsatisfactory and forced; and, after several attempts, he told the duke that he should make nothing of the subject, unless he was allowed to treat it according to his own imagination. This was conceded to him, and a very remarkable picture is the result. It is, however, like all the other works of Martin, extravagant. He paints what in literature is called "Bombast;" he is fond of Ercles' vein; and I wonder that the specimen which Shakespear has given of this, has not been selected by Martin as a subject for his pencil.

"The raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates,
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far."

One cannot, indeed, be quite certain that these "lofty" lines, as Bottom calls them, were not borne in mind during the treatment of his picture, which resembles them more than it does the account given by Pliny the younger, of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Martin's style's too Frenchified. He thinks that a grand totality is to be produced by the crowding together an infinite multitude of small parts, contrary to all the rules of vision, and destitute of effect, which generally consists in selection and concentration. There is, however, in spite of the dictates of taste, something very imposing and splendid in the conception of the picture. The anomalous agitation of the sea—the *Sea-quake,* is sublime: and so is the vast spread of the coast, with its creeks, and bays and templed cities, seen through the red glare of the burning mountain. Martin might have been very pathetic in the foreground, where the fugitive families are collected; but his drawing of the human figure is so inimitably bad, and his expression of sentiment so deficient, that the opportunity is entirely wasted. His grouping is theatrical rather than natural; and his attitudes ought to be performed, like those now before us, to music. Martin is the Nat Lee of painters; but if he has the fustian and false taste of that poet, he is assuredly not without his prodigality of imagination. In depicting magnitude of object, and vastness of perspective, he is unrivalled. But I fatigue you with my gossip about art. Look! who is that lady just entering one of the stage boxes?

Countess. Is it not Mrs. Hughes Ball?

Lord Lispington. I always call her by her old name.

Sir Felix. Where is my glass? I long for a glance at the lovely lady of Oatlands whom—

I could gaze and gaze upon
As did of old Pygmalion!

The very loveliest woman in the house is Mrs. Hughes Ball. Unequalled in that rich orientalism of aspect, so still and *Titianesque!* unrivalled in the sleepy languor of her soft and southern eyes. Even at this distance, one may discern that her eyelashes are the largest and darkest in the world; and then her hair! what an enchanting *coiffure!*

Countess. Positively, if you run on at this rate, I shall inform Hughes.

Sir Felix. Whenever you please, and be laughed at for your pains. A handsome woman, like a fine picture, is made to be looked at. Besides, Ball and I understand each other: he knows I am universal as the sun in my admiration of the sex. I will point you out fifty women and describe you each individual point of beauty about them. There is the Marchioness of C: she whose placid eye is now dwelling in blue beauty upon the chandelier beneath her box. There, too, is the Countess whom I admire for her brilliant teeth, and the beaming beauty of her face: what careth she for my zeal and adoration? What a superb woman! her's is a queenly style of beauty! Did you ever see a face so infinitely splendid and dignified? See—she takes off her glove—curse the glass, I cannot bring it to the proper focus---there I have it---the well turned white arm, and the exquisite hand reveal themselves.

Countess. Come, come, Sir Felix, these raptures to say the least, are not very considerate in the presence of two ladies.

Sir Felix. Your ladyship is unmercifully fastidious to-night. You have already prohibited my censure, and now you forbid my laudation. What do *you* think, Pelham? But I ought to know that *your* thoughts are always on art and literature. Have you heard of Lutterell's affair with Murray, and the jokes it has given rise to at Brookes's?

Countess. We are getting to be like the French in our love of Memoirs, and their train ... personal Sketches be which ... nounces from the pen of Sir Jonah Barrington?

Pelham. Sir Jonah is an Irishman, and I dare say will have some strange things, half-wicked, half-blundering, very witty, and very odd, to tell us. To the English world, Ireland is a *terra incognita,* and I am certain that a thousand good stories are buried in the records of its deserted chateaux. I shall accordingly be much disappointed if Sir Jonah does not at least surprise us into many a hearty laugh. Sir Jonah himself is, I am told a perfect original. I never expect much that is new in *English* Memoirs, properly so called. We all recollect the disappointment which was suffered on the publication of Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, the greater part of which was already extant in divers other Memoirs and Biographies of the time. The announcement, I remember, was very stimulating, and made all the old women of quality, of both sexes, breathless, and eager to get the book into their clutches: secrets and scandal were promised; but lo! the anecdotes turn out one after another to be stale. Alas! it is not in the power of even a Lord's strong box, doubly locked and sealed, to imprison a secret for sixty years. Fame, says the old poet,—

"——Doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Entering the closet of the palace-dweller;
'Tis not a guard can serve for to expel her—"

even though the closet be the green-closet within the blue breakfast room at Strawberry-hill, and the guard be "Laura Lady Waldegrave."

Sir Felix. It is getting late: one glimpse at Mrs. Hope's pretty little box; it is a satisfaction to know that she is present! How particularly well-dressed! but her taste in that respect is perfect: quite in favour of her serene style of beauty; she hates finery. She looks as beautiful as ever! As I live, she has got Anastasius, that prince of wits, by her side!

Countess. Sir Felix, will you be kind enough to desire the boxkeeper to see whether my carriage is come? I shall not await the termination of this divertissement.

Sir Felix. The fact is ascertained immediately: it is this moment announced. Permit me to assist you.

[*Exeunt.*

☞ *See Supplement.*

BOMBAY.—PRINTED FOR THE *PROPRIETORS,* BY THOMAS RIGBY, IN BELL LANE No. 7.

WHERE ADVERTISEMENTS, ESSAYS, POETICAL PIECES, ARTICLES OF INTELLIGENCE &c. &c. WILL BE THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

Gentlemen about to change their stations are requested to give notice to the PRINTER who will pay due attention to their orders.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24TH 1827.

Foreign News.

PORTUGAL.

We continue regularly the publication of our ample and precious Lisbon correspondence. What a picture, how monstrous and how true a picture, has been delineated throughout our last extracts, and the present, of a people wallowing in the mire of beastly superstition, and trampled under the bloated feet of its vicious and despicable Ministers! The correspondence which we inserted a day or two ago furnished some illustrations of the degree to which the national intellect of Portugal has been perverted—if not annihilated—by its habitual subjection to the priesthood; and in this day's letter we perceive a description of the infernal machinery by which that overthrow of the mind of a whole people has been from age to age prolonged. Such are the consequences, such the characteristics, of a perennial despotism in church and civil government, where each tyrant clings for support to his guilty colleague—force arming her officers to repress all independent action, and fraud preparing her disciples to abandon the privilege of thought.

Now let a man of clear understanding just meditate for a moment on the obvious fact, that whatever may have been the motives of Don Pedro for granting a constitutional Charter to his countrymen,—and there is no shadow of reason to believe that he acted under any but the worthiest motives,—the effect of that Charter must inevitably be, to crush the power of the priesthood, to show the people that they have rights which they may venture, without risk of punishment or shame, to exercise for their own advantage,—that there exist against them no means of coercion or intimidation, but those equal laws whose primary end is the protection of person, liberty, and property. The Charter is for law and freedom—for the revival of a people who once rose to celebrity among the the nations of the earth, by manly enterprise and enthusiastic courage, from the base and slavish ruin into which they have been plunged by that system out of whose fangs the Charter, if executed, at once releases them; and into which same bottomless gulf of spiritual and civil bondage it is the undisguised endeavour of the old Queen of Portugal, with her partisans, of Don Miguel, and of the Spanish House of Bourbon, to cast the nation again and irrecoverably.

This, then, is the real question at issue—the real problem to be solved by the councils of Don Pedro. Shall he, in permitting the Government of the kingdom to be administered by hands which are already clutched for its destruction, be a consenting, or rather a co-operating party to the subversion of his Charter, the degradation of his character, and the eventual subjection of Portugal by a neighbouring despot, who for his own security would render her the most helpless and miserable region of the inhabited world? The mere statement of the principle, therefore, decides the policy of Don Pedro.

It is affirmed in a postscript to the letter of our correspondent, that his Majesty has formed two resolutions—1st, to come to Europe himself; and 2d, to compel his brother to repair to South America. Loud alarms have been expressed in some quarters respecting the consequence of realizing the first resolution. It is assumed that Don Pedro's arrival at Lisbon must be followed by a war with Spain. What! Is it a thing of course, that an event which gives tranquillity and safety to Portugal must give umbrage to the Court of Madrid? Is it to be understood that Ferdinand will not tolerate the composure of troubles in a neighbouring kingdom, or her relief from the distraction and confusion into which an army of insurgent renegadoes have thrown her? If so, it is at least a useful and seasonable admission. If peace cannot be preserved with Spain but on the condition of cherishing a civil war in Portugal, and endangering every hour the existence of the constitutional Government, then such a peace we have no hesitation in saying, is manifestly bought too dear. If Ferdinand is to threaten our ally with war, because her Sovereign, for the benefit of his kingdom, adopts a measure of *internal* policy, which it is the undoubted right and duty of every man who governs a nation to execute when the public interest requires it, then Spain is not urged to war, or restrained from it, by any consideration of conscience or honour, but by that of power alone. In that case, there is no act, ever so innocent or lawful, which Pedro must not condescend to ask permission for, from this big whispering encyclical Camarilla. So the British troops, which were called in to the defence of Portugal, are to quit the country, forsooth, while a Spanish army still remains imbodied on the frontier! And why?—because an English Peer—a peerless one he is—had a few nights ago, the folly or malignity to declare, in a place which shall be nameless, that the continuance of the British force at Lisbon gave a "justifiable cause of war" to Spain and other Powers of Europe! Such is the disgraceful rancour of faction—such the unutterable baseness of spirit, by which some men can be moved! No; we say to Mr Canning, keep your troops where they are, until your point be gained, though not a moment longer—until there is no danger of a Bourbon attack upon the dominions of the House of Braganza. That is the substance of the present crisis, and nothing else. If Ferdinand seeks not a war with Portugal from frivolous or unjust motives, then he can neither quarrel with Don Pedro for coming, nor with the British forces for remaining. If he wages battle because Portugal if free, and his own wretched country in bondage, then the arrival of Pedro or the continuance of the British troops in Portugal forms no part of the question at issue: the question in that case, and the only question, is, whether *the Charter shall be sacrificed or not*, because this Ferdinand desires it? At the same time, if the voyage of Don Pedro be condemned, on the probability that some violence or indiscretion on his part would be likely to afford a justification (not a mere pretext) of hostilities from the Court of Madrid, it is enough to say that in such a case the peril must be his own, since England is no abettor of injustice.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

LISBON, May 21.

OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS, AND ODD APPEARANCE GIVEN TO LISBON BY THEIR NUMBERS AND VARIETY.

When you recollect that the monarch who died last year accepted publicly, in 1822, the present of the rabbit which discovered the miraculous image of the *Virgin of the Burrow*, and proceeded with his Court and all his family, in 1823, to return thanks to the said miraculous image for her interference in overthrowing the revolutionary Cortes, you will require no other proof of the rankness of superstition and the overwhelming power of the clergy in Portugal. The fact is, superstitious absurdities, and that greatest of all living absurdities the monastic orders, thrive here nearly as much at present as when John III. established the Inquisition, and took the habit of a Jesuit. Revolution has scarcely touched them—knowledge has been powerless against them—the great earthquake could not shake their establishments. They give Lisbon the appearance of a theocracy, in which the only use of the secular classes of society is to support the lazy and pampered population of the cloister. In passing up the river, and surveying this glorious city,—or rather this majestic sweep of hills, rising from the Tagus, and each crowned with a city,—you are struck with the peculiar magnificence of certain points—with the grandeur of certain heights, topped with apparent palaces and spires, whose bright white walls form a lively contrast to the groves of olives or orange trees in the gardens with which they are surrounded. You ask what these buildings are, and you are told that they are receptacles for monks. In beginning your survey at Belem, you naturally inquire what is intended by that grand sweep of sculptured arches, terminated by a richly-ornamented Gothic church, and you are answered that it is a convent, built by the Great Immanuel, to commemorate the discoveries made by his expeditions to India—a monument of ignorant folly, to celebrate the enterprises of successful science. You proceed a little further,—passing the residence of the King, which makes no great show,—and you ask to whom that palace, with its numerous pavilions and pinnacles, belongs, which lies so beautifully at the foot of the hill. The reply is, that it belongs to the Patriarch, or Pope, of Lisbon, who ranks next to the King, whose prebendaries are Cardinals, whose canons are Archbishops, and whose revenues, divided among these classes of assistants, are 100,000*l.* a year. Observe next the royal palace of *Necessidades*, crowning the first western height of the city. The lofty edifice which looks down upon it from the eminence behind, and which enjoys its princely park and royal gardens, is a monastery. Look farther on, and you see the three spires of the *Estrella* rising in novel splendour over the surrounding buildings: that is a nunnery, built at great expense by the late Queen, dedicated to the *Heart of Jesus*, and filled with noble dames, supported by a rich endowment.

In continuing your course up the river, you find every prepossessing spot on the heights or the slopes of the hills—every eminence commanding noble views, and every hollow made for seclusion and retirement, occupied with some nunnery or convent, and you become as familiar with the names of Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, and Benedictines, as if you had worn the cord of St. Francis, or had passed a noviciate in one of the houses which you survey. The seven great hills of Lisbon—those hills which mock the seven hills of Rome as they rise from a river which mocks the Tiber—are all surmounted with their monastic castles for the religious garrison of the capital.

Enter the town, and your delusion of a theocracy becomes still stronger. Convents, churches, and chapels are seen at very corner—their religious services of some kind or other are always obtruded on your senses, and their bells stun you with a perpetual noise. "Some foreigners" (says the author of a work on the foundation, antiquities, and glories of Lisbon) "have advanced, that Lisbon is destitute of grand edifices, meaning by that term, public fountains, commemorative columns, triumphal arches, palaces, gardens, and *other vanities* which human pride has called the ornaments of cities; but our country has wisely exchanged those for the splendour of our sacred edifices, which have no comparison in Christendom,—where we consume incense and aromatics to the value of 40,000 crowns a-year,—and where the sums spent for wax-candles, music, and the services of the altar on saints days and festivals, cannot be reckoned for their magnitude." In traversing the streets, you meet at every step with the grotesque looking inmates of the houses alluded to dressed in black, white, or gray cloaks; with bare heads and shorn crowns; with cords, crosses, cowls, and scapulars. See that plump-faced, round-bellied brother, with a broad brimmed hat, and a rich black gown, mounted on a mule; that is a disciple of St. Benedict or St. Bernard, come from surveying the farms of his convent in the country. That strange figure in coarse gray, who has [illegible] who takes good care to wear excellent sandals; and who, while he mortifies his feet, is so attentive to his head as to carry over it a huge umbrella to ward off the sunbeams from his tonsure, is a shoeless Carmelite. You look into the carriages as they pass up and down the steep streets, and you find them filled with one or two fat abbots, priors, superiors, or friars in similar habits. You encounter a procession, and witness a great assemblage of the same strange figures, carrying images, flags, crosses, immense wax-candles, and accompanied with detachments of soldiers and bands of music. The Host passes you in the hands of a priest under a canopy in another procession; and as soon as it enters a street, you see the people, along its whole line, retreating into shops or taking off their hats and falling down upon their knees. In short, the ecclesiastical authority appears to be predominant; the wealth and the power of society seems in the hands of the monastic and secular clergy; religion seems to be the business and amusement of life; the people all go to mass and attend church-operas as regularly as they eat their dinners; certificates of confession are required as regularly as certificates of character in England; beggars go about asking alms with a drum, a bag-pipe and an image of the Holy Ghost; a bull-fight or a comedy is given in honour of the Virgin Mary; St. Antony and St. George have been appointed staff-officers; and a lottery has been established for the souls in purgatory.

The names under which the different troops of the theocracy are masked, are as odd as those in French cookery and nearly as numerous as the divisions in a Parisian *restaurateur's* bill of fare. A stranger to such inventions would wonder how the titles of idleness could be so diversified, how the *genus* monk could include so many *varieties*. Besides the military orders, I find in the Almanack an enumeration of 47 prelacies or chiefs of different orders or *congregations* in Lisbon. Some difficulty was certainly experienced in the nomenclature and classification of the breeds. Thus we have Augustinians, shoeless and shod; Carmelites, with shoes and without shoes; Franciscans, *menores* and *minimi*; friars of the Holy Trinity, with and without shoes; small-bearded Capuchins; monks of St. Bruno, of St. Benedict, of St. Jerome, of St. Antony, of St. Bernard, of St. John of God, with all their varieties of titles and dresses. These titles and dresses are preserved from generation to generation without change; and, if I were to hazard a conjecture, I should say have infused the love of costume into the secular portion of society. Hence, probably, the universal constancy of the women of the lower and middle classes to the dark-coloured cloak with the white handkerchief thrown over their heads. If, after making this ecclesiastical survey, and observing this universal devotional tendency,—if, after seeing such prostration of mind before the powers of the other world,—if after entering the churches, where you see beating of breasts, and hear the groans of pious agony, you were to ask, what is the effect of this religious system on the moral habits of the people, the answer would be shortly—none at all. The system of morals and the system of Portuguese religion have parted convoy, and the most immoral man may be the most religious. To support or to illustrate this opinion would, however, lead me into a controversy on which your columns will not permit me to enter. I must only refer you, for one proof of it, to the statement which I have sent you in an accompanying letter, respecting the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births in Lisbon.

Other nations of Europe are grossly superstitious, and exhibit monuments of the pious absurdity of their Sovereigns, in erecting and endowing monastic establishments; but Portugal can boast the bad pre-eminence of being governed by Princes who added splendour to the system while their cotemporaries were abandoning it. The monastery at Mafra, and the Estrella convent at Lisbon, were both built within the last century, and the latter by the mother of the last King. Another fact equally lamentable is that the convents are now fuller than they were five or ten years ago. Though neither the Carmelites nor the Franciscans could collect money to rebuild their magnificent churches after the great earthquake which threw them down, they both obtained sufficient funds to repair their own loathsome cells, and now prey upon public credulity as much as they did before, when the alluring bellow of their irreverent devotions drew a more crowded audience, and filled a larger vault.

LISBON, May 23.

OCCURRENCES OF THE DAY.

The news of the last few days here may be very soon told, though the rumours of the *gobe-mouche* frequenters of the Exchange would require as long a time to repeat them as they themselves to believe them.

Some prisoners have arrived from Elvas, and have been put on board one of the hulks in the river, to be tried.

The British troops at Lisbon, consisting of the Guards and the Artillery corps, are to be reviewed by the Count of Villa Flor, at Belem, the day after to-morrow. All the British staff and a considerable number of Portuguese officers will be present. From the incurious disposition of the people, the military evolutions are not likely to be incommoded by the presence of a crowd.

The Queen, though she at first refused to see her daughter, when the Princess requested a visit on the supposition that she was dying, has since relented on hearing that she was likely to survive. Her Majesty spontaneously offered to come to Ajuda, and remained with her daughter for some time. Of course a great deal is said about the interview, on which no reliance can be placed.

One thousand contos or 250,000*l.* of this everlasting trifle, the new loan, has been offered to the public, and subscribed for on the terms of the Minister.

Four o'Clock.

P.S. I have just heard, that beside the despatch sent immediately by the Emperor Don Pedro to Dr. Abrantes, by a ship which arrived at Oporto, another, or a duplicate of the same letter, arrived by the last ship to Lisbon from Rio de Janeiro. It bore the same address as I have mentioned in a former letter. The Captain was desired to deliver it into the Doctor's own hand, but foolishly carried it to the Foreign Office here, to avoid trouble. He has come back and reclaimed it, meaning to carry it to England.

The Brazilian ship of war is still at Brest, waiting for Don Miguel. The gentleman who came in it to accompany the Prince has come back to Paris. The Emperor has determined on two things—to come here himself, and to make his brother go to Rio.

The number of Spanish Refugees in Lisbon is said to exceed 300, many of whom are almost in a state of starvation. Among these Refugees are several noblemen of considerable talent as musicians. They play in the orchestras of the theatres for about 2*s.* English per night. It is much to the credit of these unfortunate persons that they conduct themselves with so much propriety as to command the admiration of their political enemies.

The Morning Chronicle. May 28.

France.

THE NEW TIMES, JUNE 5.

"We have received the Paris Papers of Saturday by express. They contain no political intelligence; but in the *Etoile* dated Sunday, we find a notification from the Commissary General of Marine at Havre, to the effect, that some doubts being felt by the French Government of the disposition of the Dey of Algiers with regard to France—he is instructed to acquaint the merchants of that country, that their vessels must be on their guard against the Algerine corsairs. It is added, that measures are going to be taken to protect the navigation of French ships in the Mediterranean. Measures, we believe, are in contemplation, *for a very different purpose* to that of keeping a few Algerine corsairs in check; but it is part of the finesse of French diplomacy to attempt to cloak its real designs, even when artifice is unnecessary, with the announciation of feigned ones.

LAUSANNE, MAY 25.—On the 20th a terrible storm burst over the town, which has done much damage in many places, especially from St. Saphorin to Moreux, and the rich vineyards of that country.

Dreadful disasters have been caused in the district of Evian.; specially to the communes of Bercux, St. Paul, &c.; many buildings were swept away—meadows, fields, and woods &c. ruined. Two persons lost their lives; one a fine young woman, 24 years of age, in attempting to save her mother.

Most afflicting accounts are also received from Geneva and the environs. It was five or six in the evening that the storm was most violent. In an instant torrents of water covered the ground, and carried off every thing that was in their way. Houses and walls were thrown down, bridges carried away, vineyards, gardens, and fields wholly laid waste. All the roads resembled rivers, so that numbers of citizens who had walked out could not return home till the next day, and those who braved the danger had nearly become victims. Only one man, however perished, who was found buried in the sand. The loss occasioned on this day, in the district of Geneva only, is estimated at between 4 and 500,000 francs.

The Morning Chronicle June 1.

Greece.

ODESSA, MAY 8.

Letters from Constantinople announce that the Sultan has dismissed from his office the Seraskier, Redschid Pacha, and appointed for his successor Aga Pacha, who commanded the troops in the Bosphorus. The latter has been succeeded in his command by Chosrew Pacha, whom the Greeks called Topal Pacha. It is inferred from the disgrace of the Seraskier, either that the Acropolis of Athens has been delivered, or that the siege was going on very badly. A report is current that the Sultan has commanded the Reis Effendi not to receive any note from a European Minister relative to the Greeks. This report is also mentioned in private letters.—*Augsburg Gazette.*

"CONSTANTINOPLE April 25.

"On the 20th, Saida Effendi, lately Reis Effendi, died suddenly at the Captain Pacha's. He had just taken his supper, and was beginning his prayer, when he complained of pain, and expired a moment after. The physicians are of opinion that he died a natural death from apoplexy; yet it was reported that he was poisoned. He seemed to have a presentiment of it: for the same day, going to visit the Mosque of Ejub, he had expressed a wish to be buried there. He has been interred there with much pomp, by order of the Sultan, who did not seem much to regret him, though in a former illness he manifested great solicitude about his health. The Grand Vizier is much affected at the death of Saida, who was generally beloved and esteemed."

Times May, 23.

PARIS, MAY 28.—Letters from the Ionian Islands, quoted in a Roman Journal, say, that Ibrahim Pacha left Modon on the 20th April, to make an excursion against the villages of the Morea, opposite the Isle of Zante. The number of inhabitants killed in two days amounted to 2,000. Egyptian ships of war sailed along the coast while the troops drove the fugitives towards the beach, where they were killed or taken prisoners. Some boats from the Islands, however, saved a pretty considerable number of them, who were conveyed to Zante, and thence to Calamos.

The Morning Chronicle, May 27.

America.

Yesterday we received papers from Mexico and Vera Cruz to the 2d of April. They contain a variety of articles relative to a conspiracy said to have been discovered, in consequence of the capture of a Spanish brigantine, called the *Hercules*, by Commodore PORTER. On board of this vessel was found a correspondence, which has led to the arrest of a considerable number of persons, some of whom are priests, others officers of rank in the Mexican army. But, notwithstanding that the conspiracy is very frequently alluded to in the Mexican papers, no distinct account is given of the plan of those alleged to have been engaged in it. The object is stated to have been the subversion of the republican government, and the restoration of the power of FERDINAND. This plot is supposed to be connected with that in which the Padre ARENAS was engaged, of whose trial and sentence we some time ago gave an account.

Among the names of the persons arrested are a Padre FRANCISCO, MARTINEZ, a Dominican, who is said to have been a principal agent in the conspiracy, and Generals ARANA, NEGRETE, and ECHAVARRI. The two last-mentioned officers, who were arrested about the 20th of March, are, natives of Spain.

The affair is considered to have been very serious and extensively ramified. Representations, it appears, have been made to the Government, calling for the expulsion of all natives of Spain from Mexico, at least of all who have arrived since the year 1810.

It is stated in a paper entitled *El Correo de la Federacion*, that on the 12th of March, in a secret sitting of the Congress, the treaties between Great Britain and Mexico were approved, without any reservation or alteration.

The Times May 18.

New York papers to the 25th April have arrived. Mr. Crawford, it is reported, will be a candidate at the next election for the Presidency, and his friends think with the best prospect of success. There was a rumour at New York, that Cuba would shortly be declared independent by the Governor, who had made himself very popular, and was paying the greatest attention to the finances.

Times May 21.

New York papers have arrived to the 1st of May, inclusive; they are almost filled with discussions on the subject of General JACKSON's claims to the Presidency. The friends of the General are very active in getting up public meetings; his enemies are no less indefatigable in collecting all the objections that exist to his public and private character, and even descend to slanderous attacks on the reputation of Mrs. JACKSON, for some imputed frailty of former days. This last mode of attack is, however, resented with very vehement indignation by almost every journal which refers to it. These papers contain also a report of the death of the excellent statesman, RUFUS KING, in the 73d year of his age.

The Times May 24.

English News.

There were two subjects under discussion in the House of Commons on Monday last, which at a less critical moment than this, we should say pressed hard for more serious and wary consideration than [illegible] bestowed upon them, at least within the walls of Parliament. The first of these was the relation in which we stand to our North American dominions. It is notorious, and indeed was but recently proclaimed to the world by the governor of one of our most important possessions in that quarter, that a spirit of ill-will and insubordination prevailed so extensively among the higher classes of the colonists, constituting the legislative assembly of the province, as to render him altogether hopeless of persuading them to an adoption of the measures which he was instructed by HIS MAJESTY to recommend. We are aware from other sources how large an intermixture of citizens of the United States is to be found among the inhabitants of the upper provinces especially, and by what surly and refractory dispositions towards Great Britain they are at all times animated. A test of their character as British subjects has been lately applied to these emigrants from the neighbouring republic, by making it imperative on those who hold lands within the territory of the King of GREAT BRITAIN, to take an oath of allegiance to HIS MAJESTY (such, at least, is the understanding of the measure as conveyed to us.) This rule is absolutely according to the nature and principles of the law of England, which prohibits any but British subjects to become proprietors of British soil. Much ill blood, however, has resulted from the application of the above maxim of English law to the colonies, where, nevertheless, it is, all things considered, even more essential as a political security than in the parent kingdom. But, regarded as a stimulus to colonial discontent, the demand of this new test of fidelity must be held as part of the great body of circumstances which go to deepen the formidable aspect of the question—"How far is it prudent "to invest the political and financial resources "of Great Britain in speculative undertakings, "which have either the defence or improve-"ment of the Canadas for their final object?" If we can render Canada an impregnable position against foreign war and internal treason, and if, when secured, the cost be not beyond the value of the article protected, common sense will say, Execute your works of defence. But if, after all that can be accomplished, the security sought be still a problem in the minds of the most competent judges, why then, we may be permitted to remark, that every shilling devoted to so doubtful a purpose is no better than gambled away. It is not our inclination to run riot in the abuse or contempt of distant colonies; they may contribute something to the national commerce,—something, though less than has often been assumed to the maintenance of a military marine,—something to substantial power, and more to the appearance of it; but it is not unreasonable to acknowledge that they may be too dearly purchased. We pay a million sterling per annum to the shipping interest in the shape of a bounty on Canadian timber, as compared with the far more valuable growth of Norway; and we are forced to pay, besides, the military establishment of the country which yields that inferior and much encouraged article. There are many intelligent persons who condemn both payments as unwise. However,—not to follow up this question of the Canadas too curiously,—let us ask, with respect to the second subject of Monday night's discussion, what benefit has England ever yet extracted from the pestilential posts which she occupies on the western coast of Africa? and what real advantage has she yet conferred through them upon the Negro people? The annual expense of these garrisons and holdings is enormous—the loss of British life is altogether frightful—and the havoc inflicted by the execrable slave-trade on the people of Africa, as that trade is carried on by nations over which England has no political or lawful control, has become more extensive, more cruel and irremediable than ever. Beneficence exercised towards suffering humanity is of course beyond all price, and almost forbids the calculation of cost or obstruction; but here is obstruction which cannot in its nature be overcome—cost which can never be compensated—and, we must add, the extremity of mortal suffering, not removed from the Negro, nor, merely transferred to the white, but *extended* and generalized over both divisions of the great human family. We trust that Ministers will have the holiness and wisdom to look this matter steadily in the face.

The Times May 16.

A most important judgment was yesterday delivered in the Court of King's Bench. We allude to the case, GARNETT, of *The Manchester Guardian, versus* FERRAND, one of the Coroners for Lancashire.

The point at issue was, whether Coroners are entitled to exclude the public from their proceedings, and to convert their Courts into Tribunals.

Lord TENTERDEN laid it broadly down, that "the Court of a Coroner was a Court of Record of which the Coroner was Judge; and it was a known general rule of law, that no action would lie against a Judge of Record for any matter done by him in the exercise of his judicial functions; for on this there were several authorities; and the Court adverted more particularly to that of HAMMOND v. HOWELL, 2 Modern Reports. This freedom from liability to an action was not so much for the sake of the Judge himself as for the public, in order that the Judge might not be fettered by any fear of the consequences in the independent and honest discharge of his duty; and it was not to be supposed that a Judge would make an ill use of the power with which he was vested. This protection was extended even to Justices of the Peace and other inferior officers, who were bound with judgment, so long as they acted within the bounds of their jurisdiction; and this in order that the course of justice might not be impeded by any restraint upon the free discharge of the officer's public duty. Corruption was quite another thing; so also neglect of duty and misconduct."

This decision lets us know more than we wished to know. We find from it, that it depends upon the Judges of all other Courts as well as Coroners, whether they shall be open to the public or not; that provided they are not chargeable with corruption, and do not refuse to hear suitors (which is what is meant by neglect or misconduct), they may do whatever they please in their respective Courts. The Coroner's is put on the footing of the supreme Courts, and they are put on the footing of that of the Coroner.

The Court has thus decided the case on the broad principle of the protection due to all judicial functionaries. It will probably satisfy the Lancashire Coroner, because it protects him. The public, however, have no great cause to be satisfied. In the case of the supreme Courts, the high character of the Judges affords a security against the wanton exercise of the power which they arrogate to themselves. But the Coroners throughout the country belong to a class of men country attorneys, most of whom would laugh at those who should suppose them capable of being ever actuated by elevated feelings—of men who, if ever they had any principle, have lost it in the pettifogging practices in which they have passed their lives. Were it not that in all cases of violent or sudden deaths there is generally a strong disposition in the Jury to inquire into all the circumstances calculated to throw light on them, which disposition generally affords a security to the public against such corrupt attempts to screen murderers as were lately brought to light in a County bordering on Wales, where a Coroner and a packed Jury would have allowed a husband who made away with his wife to escape, had not the facts transpired through a Reporter who was present—were it not, we say, for the presence of a Jury, we should say, that the institution of Coroner would be worse than useless.

It is not denied that in general, publicity would be beneficial, and indeed, when no light can be obtained as to the cause of the death which forms the subject of inquiry, it is obvious that the more extensive the publicity the greater the chance of supplying the deficiency. We are so used to the benefits accruing from the publicity of Coroners' Inquests in populous places in this country, that we are in some degree disqualified from estimating the real value of them. But let us transport ourselves for a moment to the *Morgue* at Paris, where two or three dead bodies are generally to be found exposed. In this country it very seldom happens that a death cannot be accounted for; but, in numberless instances, no light is thrown on the manner in which the individuals exposed in the *Morgue* came by their deaths. Now is it to be supposed, that if the public attention were drawn through such vehicles as Newspapers, to the appearance of the body, the articles found on it, the place where it was found, and a number of other particulars, that the disclosure would not frequently lead to the obtaining further information and to the detection of crime? No one who reflects a moment can doubt then that publicity is often of the utmost importance, especially in large overgrown capitals.

Lord TENTERDEN states, and states truly, that there are cases in which secrecy is necessary (though secrecy and a Jury sound oddly together) that it may be necessary that the suspected person should not, in that early stage, be informed of the suspicions entertained against him; that a discretion must, therefore, be vested in the Coroner to determine whom to exclude and whom to admit. This, however, though it amounts to a protection of the Lancashire Coroner, and is probably as much as he cares for, by no means justifies the particular act complained of. The Judges say we will protect Coroners in all cases, but they do not say that publicity is in all cases an evil. The Lancashire Coroner, however, wished to have the power of exclusion in all cases, on the ground that publicity in all cases was an evil. It was the circumstance of a Reporter being present at all that moved his gall. He did not pretend to say that there were any circumstances in the particular case that demanded secrecy.

We fear the decision of the Court of King's Bench will have a tendency to do much mischief; inasmuch as the decision will operate to deteriorate still farther a class of men, who, even in BLACKSTONE's time, had become obnoxious to the country.

The Morning Chronicle.—May 29.

GLORIOUS BREVITY OF THE LAW.—In the Court of Common Pleas, yesterday, during an argument in a case respecting a right of way, in which the pleadings were a porter's load, and the matter was designated by Mr. Justice Park, as "wretched unintelligible stuff," the Lord Chief Justice Best took the opportunity of remarking on the scandalous abuses in the practice of special pleading. "In the present case," observed his Lordship, "a plea which could be expressed in a very few words, was extended to the length of twenty or thirty folios. Really such an aggravated expense was a disgrace to the profession. He had often remarked it, and was determined, if possible, to correct so shameful an abuse." Mr. Justice Burrough said he had often observed the [illegible] and he would do all in his power to assist his Lordship in correcting it. A case had recently come before the Court, the sum at issue not being 20*l.*, with the pleas distended to forty-eight folios. He hoped, for the honour of the profession, that the Court would not have to mention it again.

TAX LEVIED ON ENGLISH TRAVELLERS BY THE FRENCH POLICE.

An English Gentleman—Mr. Keen, of the Middle Temple—has in a very proper and spirited manner called public attention to this shameful exaction. Being at Paris lately, he refused to pay the fee 10 francs demanded for countersigning his passport when he was about to return to England. His passport was in consequence retained, and Mr. Keen reduced to the alternative either of remaining a sort of prisoner in Paris, or of incurring the risk of travelling without a passport. He wrote repeatedly to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the English *Chargé d'Affaires:* the former took no notice of the letter, the latter (Mr. Hamilton) refused to interfere, or to assign any reason for non-interference. After remaining at Paris some weeks, during which the object was answered of attracting public notice to the injustice (principally through the medium of the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Constitutionnel*) Mr. Keen paid the 10 francs for his passport, and returned home, after addressing to the Baron de Damas a protest against the extortion. We understand the subject will be brought before Parliament.

As this affair has drawn attention to the passport system in France the following lively account of the vexations to which a traveller is subjected by it, may be acceptable to our readers. It is extracted from Mr. Hogg's delightful Journal—*Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent:*

"There is, perhaps, as much trouble in getting a passport *viséed* at Paris, as at any other city I ever visited. I was told that it must be done in person, and not by deputy; from what I saw in the course of the business, I was inclined to doubt the truth of this, at least in one part; but I was not sorry for the mistake, if it was a mistake, as it afforded me an opportunity of witnessing and estimating the extent of the oppression. In the first place, it is necessary to go to the Prefecture of the Police, at a dismal old building in the island, which was formerly Paris, to exchange the provisional passport for original, if it has been transmitted from the frontiers. After some delay, you are dispatched with it to the British Ambassador; whatever trouble is given by a foreign Government, at least as much more will surely be given by our own Minister; that is to say, by the agent and servant whom we pay to transact our business. Instead of sending his Secretary to an office in the island near the police, he permits him to live in his own house, in the Faubourg St. Honore, at least two miles distant; the passport is signed by the Secretary, not by the Ambassador; Mr. Secretary, to prove that he is not unworthy of his master's indulgence, far from signing the passport immediately, requires that it be left, and you may call for it in two or three hours; your residence is most probably at some distance, and you may fill up the interval as you can. I preferred waiting, and accordingly waited in a damp hole without a

fire, and by dint of lively remonstrances obtained my passport in about an hour, when with sulky incivility it was handed to me. I returned with it to the dirty den in the island, where I was detained some time, and I was then sent to the Foreign Office, which is not in the next building or the next room, as it ought to be, but at as great a distance as the British Minister's. Having arrived here, a dirty clerk takes the passport, and gives you a card, and tells you to give the card to another clerk as dirty as himself, who sits opposite to and within a few feet of him; the latter then demands ten francs, I presume as a grateful return to the English nation for having found the Royal Family of France in meat, drink, washing, and lodging, for twenty years. You are then told to return in two hours; and as this office is probably far from your lodging, you may employ the interval as you can; but in the antichamber, a person offers to bring the passport to you in the evening, if you will leave your address, for which service he of course receives a fee. This last stroke is plainly a fraud of the two dirty clerks, who, instead of disburdening their pens of whatever nonsense they intend to write upon the passport, and returning it immediately, interpose a delay of two hours to earn a fee, to show that they are not unworthy familiars of the House of Bourbon, and to keep the British Ambassador in countenance."

On Wednesday evening a most extraordinary sensation was excited in the neighbourhood of the lower end of Long-lane, West Smithfield, in consequence of a dreadful attempt to murder his wife and infant child being made by William Carter, a young man, twenty-two years of age, a bootmaker, who, with his family, occupied a floor in the house No. 87. It appears that Carter had for some days been in an ailing state, betraying occasional aberrations of intellect, and, during the whole of yesterday evening had been reclining on the bed with his clothes on. About 8 o'clock he suddenly arose, and in answer to a question from his wife whether he was better, replied in a hurried tone, "Yes, oh, yes, much better;" then advancing quickly to the fire place, snatched up the poker with both hands, and struck her a dreadful blow on the forehead, which he several times repeated, until the poor creature was stretched on the floor weltering in her blood. He then tore his infant daughter, about ten months old, from her enfeebled grasp, and dashed it to the ground; and with uplifted arm was about to beat its brains out with the poker, which he still retained, when his apprentice, a lad about fifteen, who was at work in the next room, and who had heard the dreadful screams of his mistress, rushed into the room, and received on his head the fatal blow intended for the innocent babe, which inflicted a severe and desperate wound. The agonized mother, notwithstanding her horrible state, seeing the imminent danger in which her infant was placed, scrambled from the floor, and threw herself on her husband, who was struggling with the lad, and who, overcome by his own exertions, now sunk exhausted on a chair. The alarm [illegible] by this time, [illegible] Carter sitting on the chair, gazing wildly around him, and covered with the blood of his wife, which was streaming over him, from her head, as she endeavoured to keep him in his seat, the lad also bleeding copiously, and endeavouring to assist his mistress, and the poor babe lying on the boards, which were also covered with blood. The maniac was immediately taken into another apartment, and a surgeon sent for, who pronounced the wounds of Mrs. Carter to be of a very dangerous tendency, but that of the lad only slight. Several persons remained with Carter during the night, he occasionally raving with shocking violence. Yesterday morning he was removed to a place of temporary security.

LORD ELDON.

The following portrait of Lord Eldon is from a forthcoming work. *A Brief History of the Court of Chancery, with practical Remarks on the Recent Commission, Report, and Evidence, and on the Means of Improving the Administration of Justice in the English Courts of Equity.* By Mr. Joseph Parkes.

Lord Loughborough was succeeded by Lord Eldon, on the 14th of April, 1801, and excepting the short intervening Chancellorship of Lord Erskine, from the 7th of February, 1806, to the 1st of April, 1807, he retained possession of the seals till within a few weeks of the publication of the present volume, May, 1827. When the sun of his judicial power and patronage is setting in the recent Ministerial revolutions, it would be illiberal to treat his professional character with needless asperity, or to withhold the meed of praise so justly due to the industry, integrity, and technical knowledge of equity which peculiarly marked his long career in the Court of Chancery. It is to be regretted that the judicial failings of Lord Eldon have been magnified into the one great and original cause of the evils of the court, which may give rise to a mistaken expectation that his retirement from office will of itself lead to the climax of its reformation. These pages demonstrate that the abuse attendant on the administration of English equity are of remote origin and progressive accumulation: that long before Lord Eldon was born they existed in an equal degree, compared with the relative quantum of litigation before the Court, and have merely been aggravated by his constitutional tendency to doubt and procrastinate. But although Lord Eldon is absolved from the moral responsibility attaching to the source of the abuses of his jurisdiction, he is deeply culpable in upholding and increasing them by a long-continued denial of their existence, and an unceasing opposition to their investigation and legislative removal. Since Lord Eldon's accession to the Chancellor-ship, the funds of the suitors in Court have doubled in amount, and the real property involved has probably quadrupled. Many of the evils of his judicial reign have doubtless originated in the increase of litigation, arising out of the vast mercantile transactions of the nation. A country pre-eminently commercial, by the multitude and intricacy of its contracts, will engender lawsuits in a far greater relative proportion than other states. It was, however, the duty of a judge of liberal and comprehensive mind to have adapted his court to the new order of things; and so far from the antiquity of the abuses forming any valid justification of Lord Eldon's conduct, it should have been an additional motives for securing his attention to the improvement of his extended jurisdiction. But he invariably discountenanced every legislative inquiry and proposed reform. The political nightmare of innovation haunted his imagination: in his legal vocabulary, reformation and revolution were synonymous and the latter word was another synonym for destruction. He belonged to the old school of Aristoteiian lawyers, deeply versed in the fictions, subtleties, and procedure of English equity; and as a pedantic linguist conceives the acquisition of dead languages to be, not the means of acquiring knowledge, but knowledge itself, so Lord Eldon mistook the means for the end,—the forms of justice for the substance of equity. Notoriously ignorant of, and by nature incapable of justly appreciating, the great principles of legislative science and jurisprudence, he superstitiously adhered to every thing old because it was ancient, and objected to the introduction of every thing modern because it was new. The progress of jurisprudence in other countries was not his study, but his horror: and he would as soon have consented to introduce judicial improvements from abroad, as to admit foreign corn without duty. Perceiving what is obvious to every reflecting being that hasty decisions in doubtful cases furnish incontrovertible proofs of weakness of mind, he yet failed to discover, that to distrust that which is plain, and doubt that which is clear, is an equally convincing evidence of imbecility of intellect. He greatly resembled Coke; though he prided himself on his imagined similarity to a man of much greater mind—the "impeached revolutionist." Lord Somers. The arguments of Coke, in the preface to the fourth part of his Reports, exactly correspond with the reasoning of the late Chancellor in favour of established and ancient law:—"The Locrenses in Magna Græcia had a sharp law against innovation; Plato denounces inventors of new things; Suetonius writes to the same purpose; Periander of Corinth has an apothegm that old laws and new meals are fittest," *ergo*, the laws of England must not be altered! The character given of Coke applies exactly to Lord Eldon—that he is "a mere great lawyer, and like all such had a mind so walled in by law-knowledge that in its bounded views it shut out the horizon of the intellectual faculties and the whole of his philosophy lay in the statutes." No man has ever yet explored the heaven and surveyed the stars with a microscope.

The Times, May 25.

MEMOIR AND CHARACTER.

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

He who ascends to mountain tops, shall find,
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above, the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow,
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

PREFATORY REMARKS ON THE ELEVATION OF MR. CANNING.

Upon one man, and that man not perhaps the ablest in political talent, and certainly very far from the strictest in political virtue, the attention of his country is rivetted,—the gaze of the civilized world is fixed. It speaks little for modern governments that such should be the case; that a regard for popular feeling, a determination to steer an honest course, and a disposition to decline, or even to defy that undue influence which, for a Minister of State, is so smooth in its operations and so certain in its end, are matters of such rarity that when they *do* occur, the individual manifesting them shall be lauded to the skies by the many, and represented as a politician of a strange and unheard of species by the few.

Never did the great doctrine of PARLIAMENTARY REFORM receive such confirmation as that now afforded by its most talented opponent. Commanded by his Sovereign, and invited by his country, to become the responsible adviser of the Crown, the guide and the guardian of the government, yet, because he takes this honourable and most important charge, against the inclination of a *dozen or two* individuals of mediocre talents, possessing a certain quantity of borough influence, his conduct is held up as a marvell to be wondered at, and his success as a subject of great and unexpected gratulation to the whole people! Because talent and experience, with the will of the Monarch and the wish of the nation, momentarily succeeded against my Lord of Westmoreland and my Lord of Lonsdale, his Grace of Rutland and his Grace of Wellington, with a few score of colleagues and dependents, *Io peans* are to be every where sounded, and notes of triumph to echo from earth and sky! Why, what sort of a Government must we have hitherto had, when such a paltry set of fools or knaves, or, perhaps, compounds of both, were considered sufficiently powerful to bear the prince and brave the people? What sort of a system must it have been that gave such influence to such *imbeciles*, and that made it a matter of universal jubilee that there was firmness enough in the King and his Chief Minister to resist, and possibly (not certainly) power enough in the Crown, the Constitution, and the Country, to defeat them!!

But the die has now been cast. The King and country have resolved to make common cause. The one to maintain the free exercise of his royal prerogative, the other to assert and defend the popular privilege of supporting with their voices a national Administration. The flag of resistance to borough influence is unfurled; and the nation is summoned to rally round it. The tocsin has been sounded, and the hearts of all bound and burn within them at the inspiring peal. Yet the battle is to take place in an arena already occupied by the enemy, that but for the chivalrous support of political opponents, both monarch and nation, prerogative and privilege, princely honour and public good, must have been ultimately defeated by the trainbands of an unprincipled untalented, and unpopular aristocracy!

Mr. Canning, who has long shed the brilliant hues of his genius over this uncouth and monopolising monster of influence, has been ordained to tear away the veil,—and more successfully for himself, we trust, than did the fair votary of the false prophet of Khorassan,—to expose it in all its naked deformity, while writhing in the convulsions, and marked with the contortions of despair and defiance. For doing this, his name will be spoken where the language of liberty shall be heard, and encomiums to his fame will be reared wherever the human image of an Omnipotent God, shall assert what is due to its eternal Maker. Because he has come out from among the insidious enemies of his country, "and been separated," though his hands were once with them and were defiled, though many Statesmen surpass him in ability, and still more in sound and persevering integrity, George Canning has the rare fortune, at this moment, of being the idol of his own, and the admiration of all other countries.

Nor is this great event more remarkable for its consequences than causes. Mr. Canning during the whole of his life, has been connected with the party who have seceded from him. He was the *child* of their leader, and the *champion* of their system. Mr. Pitt, the arch apostate from the cause of freedom, and ingenious sophist for old and oppressive monarchical institutions, was his first patron and his constant promoter. With the refined sarcasm and eloquent raillery he so abundantly possesses, the apt pupil, like his great master, has frequently and voluntarily assailed Reform, as violent in theory and visionary in practice; while he has repeatedly defended the possession of that undue influence in the return of Members to the Legislature which gives so much weight to "the noodles and doodles," the Lowthers and Westmorlands, who are now preparing their thorns for his sides. It is clear, therefore, that before he determined to form an Administration without the support of this undue influence, he must have concluded that he could either not "work well," with it, or that he could "work sufficiently well, in spite of it.

Besides, as some shrewd observer of human nature has wisely remarked, "no man can be long a hero to his own *valet de chambre*." Mr. Canning, while he has contrived [illegible] this influence, and to advocate so long as he could, this growing power "behind the throne, greater than the throne itself," has felt all the contempt of genius towards the pompous inanity of his colleagues, not excepting the fortunate truncheon of Wellington, or the legal and profound incredulities of Eldon. Lords, who were *born* Lords, would no doubt exact and receive, so long as it was politic to pay it, a certain degree of homage from a Statesman, whose blood had not "crept through *dunces* ever since the flood;" but mere aristocrats rarely become respected as they become known, and when they presume to place *their* selfishness and *their hauteur* against the wish of a mighty people, and the will of a constitutional monarch—to assert *their* pitiful pretensions as possessing so many ancient boroughs, and so much venerable blood—to oppose measures which are necessary to their country, and to make talent, which they cannot appreciate, their servile tool for such a base purpose—insulted genius and offended freedom arm themselves with indignant lightnings, and flash upon the pompous drivellers confusion and disgrace!

Persons of low origin, who, by their talents or their usefulness, arrive at high rank and great power, can seldom endure the pretensions of hereditary aristocrats. They find it most annoying to be obliged to enlighten my Lord Thickskull, or the Earl of Littlebrains, as to the policy or necessity of every great measure which may be devised for the public good—no matter whether the *bar sinister* might be placed on their escutcheon, as has been more than once insinuated with regard to the distinguished Statesmen forming the subject of this article, they soon find that for all useful and splendid purposes, it matters not.

"From whom descended or by whom begot," the world is their oyster, which with the sword of their genius they open. Bonaparte prided himself upon being both a despot and democrat.—"My empire," he said, "was a republic; for what is a republic but that form of government under which every man's talents and virtues meet their due encouragement; and I never allowed the pride of family to interfere with any of the promotions I made." So it must be in *feeling* with Mr. Canning, and so it might be in *practice* (without being a despot like Napoleon) were he to support Parliamentary Reform, and allow the people to support him by returning efficient, eloquent, and public-spirited representatives to counteract much of that baneful borough influence attached to the constitution of Great Britain.

II.—MEMOIR OF MR. CANNING.

Mr. Canning was born at Paddington, near London, in 1771. His paternal ancestors were originally seated at Foxcote, in Warwickshire, where a branch of the family we believe, still remains. Queen Elizabeth conferred the manor of Garvagh, in the county of Derry, in Ireland, on a younger son of the Foxcote family, who thereupon removed into the sister island, and, up to the father of the Premier, his descendants continued to reside there. Stratford Canning, Esq. of Garvagh, the grandfather, had two sons, George and Paul, the elder of whom displeasing his father by marrying a dowerless beauty, was exiled from the paternal roof with an allowance of 150l. a-year.

——"The world before him, where to choose
His place of rest, and providence his guide."

Under these circumstances he came with his lady to London, and, determining to study the law, entered himself of the Middle Temple. It was too late in life, however, to mould the mind to the dry, unmeaning, and prosaic precedents of his new profession; hence, he turned a somewhat fertile fancy to the lighter walks of literature, and the more inspiring principles of modern politics. Being a warm friend to liberty, he wrote some spirited verses descriptive of the feelings of the illustrious patriot, Lord Russell, on the evening preceeding his execution, when his noble and devoted friend, Lord William Cavendish, had offered to aid his escape, by changing their clothes, and remaining in his stead. He was also the author of several political pamphlets, which breathed the same spirit, and translated from the Latin of Polignac his "Anti Lucretius," which produced a warm controversy." But he advanced not at the Bar, and neither poems nor pamphlets could advance him in the world. He died poor, on the 11th April 1771, a few days after the birth of his son George, and was interred in the new burial ground of Mary-le-bone, where his tomb, with the following inscription, were placed by his widow:

"Thy virtue and my woe no words can tell,
Therefore a little while, my George, farewell;
For faith and love like ours, Heaven has in store,
Its last, best gift—to meet and part no more."

His infant son, the subject of this memoir, was placed with a maternal uncle, a respectable wine merchant in the City, who discovering in him strong marks of geninus at a very early age, sent him to Eton, where he speedily distinguished himself, and in 1786 became one of the senior scholars.

At this time the Eton boys rendered themselves celebrated by the publication of a sparkling periodical called "The Microcosm," which was formed by an association of four individuals, who contributed to it under the signatures of A. B. C. and D. The papers designated by A. were furnished by Mr. John Smith afterwards of King's College, Cambridge; those signed B. were written by Mr. Canning; C. was the signature of Mr. Robert Smith, and D. of Mr. John Frere. There were also a few papers contributed by Lord Henry Spenser, Capel Lofft, Mr. H. Way, Mr. Jos. Mellish, and Mr. Littlehales. This publication came out weekly, and was limited to forty numbers, of which Mr. Canning, then only fifteen years of age, furnished twelve, being the greatest number contributed by any one person. In the papers distinguished by his mark, the promise of that superiority which has been since matured, is clearly discoverable. Pungent raillery and keen ridicule, irony, sarcasm, and satire.

"All the edge tools of eloquence and wit,"
—such as he brandishes now with equal power and playfulness, were to be augured from these productions.* In No. 7, there is a poem contributed by Mr. Canning, "On the Slavery of Greece," which cannot but be considered as being extraordinary for a boy of fifteen.

An ironical essay on modern criticism, as applicable to epic poetry, contained in a dissertation on the merits of the old ballad, "The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts," was another lively and brilliant production, which is attributed to the pen of the present Premier. In fact, the piquancy of this little periodical was so great, that the numbers were collected and republished at Windsor in 1787, in one volume, which was succeeded by two others.

In 1788, on his removal from Eton, Mr. Canning was entered of Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated. At the university he acquired considerable celebrity for the elegance of his Latin poetry, and the beauty and brilliancy of his declamations. He there formed a social connexion with several young men of rank, among whom was Mr. Jenkinson, now Lord Liverpool. Having obtained his bachelor's degree, he left the university, and entered himself of the Middle Temple, with intent to study the law. At the same time he obtained admission to a debating society which met in Bond-street, and by his practice there acquired that ease and facility in public speaking which he now so eminently possesses. His legal studies were not, we believe, pursued with any very great assiduity, and it is well they were not for a higher fate awaited him.

Mr. Pitt was then in the wealth of power and popularity; his professed economic principles, and advocacy of reform, had procured him equal favour with the crown and the people. He had risen himself by the force of uncommon abilities, and was fond of surrounding himself with young men of talent: among whom the proud Minister moved, like a planet amid its attendant satellites. Early educated at Oxford 'Alma Mater' still lived in his remembrance and the

Doctarum hederæ premia frontium,

were not disregarded by him in the proudest moments of ambition. The Minister apparently courted high rank more than talent on the Treasury Benches: but he had always his light

* See National Magazine for November, 1826.

troops about him, whom he pushed forward as skirmishers, while he prepared himself for the more serious conflict. Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Bankes, Mr. Sturges Bourne, Sir Charles Long and others, owed their early introduction into Parliament to Mr. Pitt's patronage; and to such he delegated the task of reply to any minor opponent, while he retired to Bellamy's for an hour or two, with his 'Fidus Achates,' Mr. Dundas, where they generally 'drank deep ere they parted.' The Minister inherited a hereditary gout, from his great father, Lord Chatham, and with it a coldness of stomach, which needed strong stimulatives. Wine, in consequence, in large quantities, made no present impression upon him. His usual custom on sitting down at Bellamy's was, to pour a bottle of port wine into a large tumbler-glass, and swallow it at a draught; after which he returned to his place wholly undisturbed.

Mr. Canning's name was mentioned to Mr. Pitt* as a young man of most promising talents; and by his influence, was returned to Parliament in 1793, at the early age of 22, for the borough of Newport in the Isle of Wight, and a new career was opened before him. On the 31st of January 1794, Mr. Canning made his maiden speech, in defence of the subsidiary treaty just then concluded between this country and Sardinia; and sought to justify it, by referring to the subsidy granted to Portugal of 620,000l. annually, in the seven years' war. His speech on this occasion, though in strength and connection it fell far short of his subsequent efforts, still gave much future promise. He spoke on the second bench, just behind the Minister, and Mr. Pitt repeatedly turned to him with evident feelings of sympathy and approbation. His warmest patronage and friendship were subsequently extended to Mr. Canning, while he lived. We have heard it asserted, and on good authority, that a previous intention existed to bring Mr. Canning into Parliament in the opposition interest, and that on Mr. Pitt's dwelling one night exultingly on the speech of one of his youthful protegees, Mr. Fox rose, and said, that advantage would in a few nights be more than balanced by the appearance of a young gentleman on *their* side of splendid talents. It is further said, that Mr. Canning's adherence to the powerful Minister was decided by the advice of Mr. Sheridan, who represented the gloomy prospects that, with his slender fortune awaited a career of opposition. If any such connexion with Mr. Fox and his friends really existed, it was, however, soon severed, and Mr. Canning became a decided adherent of Mr. Pitt, and a warm advocate of all his measures. His speeches from the ministerial benches were now frequent, and he was soon appointed one of the joint secretaries in the foreign department under Lord Grenville.

At the dissolution of Parliament in 1796, he was returned for the borough of Wendover, and further provided for by the place of Receiver General of the Alienation Office. He soon after became united to Mrs. Canning, an amiable and accomplished woman, one of the three daughters of the celebrated General Scott, who had accumulated an immense fortune by play. The elder sister was married to the present Duke of Portland—the second to Lord Downe—all brought large accessions of fortune to their husbands. General Scott, was the individual of whom the story is told that, sitting one day, in the Thuilleries, at play with the present King of France, then the Comte D' Artois, and a stake of several hundred Louis d' ors before him, the widow of a military officer sent up an affecting petition for relief. The General just paused to glance at its contents, then, raising the box, said, "Here goes for the widow,"—when, having won, he swept the whole contents into her petition, and sent it down to her. His visits at Brookes, and White's, at that day, were said to have been prolonged, to the ruin of many a noble fortune—Among the rest, Lord Carlisle then so distinguished by an extravagant taste for dress, by red heels, and "marechalle" powder, was said to have lost several thousands at a sitting.

General Scott, however, was a far different character from the villain Chartres—*his* honour was wholly unimpeached. Though the full flow of fortune almost invariably attended him, no imputation rested on his name. He mixed, while he lived, in the first circles, and died respected in the bosom of an amiable family.

Mr. Canning continued, for several years, to act with Mr. Pitt until his secession from power, in 1801 when he resigned his employments and followed his great patron into temporary retirement. It was at this period he gave a marked proof of his attachment to the fallen Minister, by the celebrated song from his pen, of "The Pilot that weathered the storm." He had previously established "the Anti Jacobin," or "Weekly Examiner, in conjunction with Mr. Frere and Mr. George Ellis, in which his satirical attacks on the political opponents of the then Ministry were vehement and frequent. But the fires of that mighty revolution which ten years before had burst on Europe, were then nearly exhausted. An armed truce with the Consular Government of France had been patched up by the feeble Ministry of St. James's.—Mr. Addington, the creature of Mr. Pitt, who was put forward, by his proud master, merely to act as his *locum tenens*, and keep his seat warm for his return, showed no disposition to resign, and roused the hostility of his rival. It was then that Mr. Canning again dipped his pen in gall, and poured unsparing ridicule on the Minister and his colleagues. The names of Addington and Bathurst were, for the first time, "married to immortal verse," and the couplet of bitter ridicule is still remembered;

When his speeches falter vilely,
Cheer! oh, cheer him! brother Hiley!
When his speeches faltering lag,
Hark! to the cheers of brother Brag!

All Mr. Addington's pacific virtues could not preserve his power. In vain he ushered the imbecile Treaty of Amiens before the House; as vainly did he trust to the assured protection of the King, who was soothed by his want of all talent and pretension. The philippics of his proud rival were unceasing as those of Cicero against Mark Antony, the pasquinades of Mr. Canning covered the whole party with ridicule. The Majorities of the "Doctor" saw fouls weather approaching, and nightly ratted in scores. Mr. Addington, after a hopeless struggle, retired in despair, and was consoled by a title, and the gift of Richmond Park.

Mr. Pitt again assumed the helm of the state; and his "poet" and friend was immediately appointed to the lucrative situation of Treasurer of the Navy, which he retained until the death of the Minister in 1806, when the whole administration fell to pieces, and Mr. Fox and his friends, after twenty years exclusion, again came into power. The Parliament was of course, dissolved by the new Ministry: and Mr. Canning, who had sat in the previous season for the Irish borough of Tralee, was then returned for that of Sligo. He was now once more in opposition, a freezing climate, ill suited to a constitution accustomed to the sunshine of the Treasury Bench; and his weapons of ridicule were again produced from his armoury. He attacked the coalition in prose and verse; he apostrophized his antagonists satirically as "all the talents;" and on a pamphlet of great ability appearing, supposed to have been written by Mr Fox and Mr. Brougham, entitled, 'An Inquiry into the State of the Nation," Mr. Canning drew up a reply, which, if not felicious for its facts and reasoning, was marked by considerable wit and talent, and loudly applauded by the party with whom he acted.

The lamented death of Mr. Fox led to the dissolution of the ministry he had formed.

On the Tories again succeeding to power, Mr, Canning, took a higher station. He was called to the Cabinet, and intrusted with the seals of the Foreign department. The melancholy history of the expedition to Walcheseen is but too well remembered. The horrible waste of life, in that pestilential swamp.

Where nature sickened,
And each gale was death,

roused universal indignation throughout the country. It led to a rupture between the war minister, Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, which closed in a personal meeting. Mr. Canning was wounded, and retired from office; and his rival soon after obtained, by superior intrigues, an ascendancy, which he retained until the grave closed over his ambition. Mr. Canning now continued some years retired from office, occasionally speaking in Parliament, and always maintaining on the benches where he sat, the ascendancy of superior talent. It is to his honour, to record, that when with Lord Wellesley, on the death of Mr. Perceval, he might have *formed* an administration, concession to the Catholics was made the basis of acceptance of office by both; and on this act of justice being refused, Mr. Canning and the noble Marquis continued in retirement.

At the general election in 1812, his abilities attracted the attention of the Mercantile interest in Liverpool, as those of Mr. Burke had the traders of Bristol at a former day; and after an arduous struggle with Mr. Brougham, he was returned: as he was on a subsequent election, when opposed by Lord Sefton. On the first occasion, Mr. Canning put forth all his power. He was matched with an antagonist of transmanent talents, and of consummate skill in debate. His amor unis erat, pariterque in bella ruebant. The speeches of both were the finest models of popular eloquence. Every arrow, winged from the shaft of either, was barbed by wit or satire. Mr. Canning's eloquence was like a Damascus blade, keen and polished: its edge was felt wherever it fell, and poured light throughout every word. Mr. Brougham fought with weapons of equal temper, but more weight. Nothing but numbers could have overborne him; he was surrounded by a band of friends, whom his eloquence kindled into enthusiasm. But the calculations of commerce *are cold and interested*, and Mr. Canning owed his triump to their influence. The Lisbon mission, at a period when the Court was in Brazil, and there were no duties for any ambassador of rank to perform in Portugal, drew on Mr. Canning the severest invectives from the Opposition benches. He was charged with pocketing a monstrous sum of 12,000l. annually merely to aid his domestic views. He defended himself in his place ably, we will not say successfully, in a speech subsequently published by him.

On the death of Lord Buckinghamshire, Mr. Canning, again came into office and the Cabinet, as President of the Board of Controul. The situation, connected as it is with the government of our vast possessions in India, is one of great consequence, but was not followed by a seat in the Cabinet, until the time of Mr. Canning and Mr. Wynn. The acceptance of a minor office under his triumphant rival, Lord Castlereagh, created, at that time, considerable surprise, and was often retorted on him by his political opponent. But Mr. Canning had the solid consolations of place and its emoluments. His situations, at the memorable period of the Queens impeachment he resigned. He was about to assume the governmet of Oriental millions, and had resigned himself to a distant though splendid exit, when the death of his great rival burst like a thunder-clap on his ear, and changed his views and prospects altogether. After a short but difficult negotiation between Carlton Palace and Fife House, Mr. Canning took the Foreign Office, with the lead in the Lower House. He returned to power with rising storms around him. The Congress at Verona was just assembling. The continental despots, with their satellites, were congregating in the Italian city, so celebrated by the genius of Shakespeare, and the former quarrels of the "Capulets" and "Montagues" to decide the bondage of all Italy; to pronounce on the appeal of Greece,—and settle the subjugation of unoffending Spain "Montmorenci" pressed the march of French troops within the Pyrennees, and it was decided; a single menace of resistance on the part of England, from the mouth of the successful Soldier who had triumphed in so many fields, would have saved Spain. But nothing came from him but a feeble protest, and liberty was crushed in the Peninsula.

The public life and splendid policy of Mr. Canning since this period are well known, the error which he committed, or rather which his High Tory colleagues in the Cabinet compelled him to commit, in not taking more decisive steps against the aggression of France upon Spain and Spanish liberty, was in some degree atoned for by the recognition of the New States of South America, and the tardy, though perhaps not very prudent assistance extended to the weak and wavering Government of Portugal. A determination, however, has now been evinced to consider as the true policy of England the support of Constitutional Governments in preference to arbitrary despotisms, and in pursuing this truly noble and patriotic policy, Mr. Canning has carved out for himself a name which will endure for ages.

Mr. Canning has several children. One of his daughters was lately married to the Marquis of Clanricarde. His eldest son died on the 21st of March 1820, in the 19th year of his age and an epitaph, displaying deep feeling and exalted genius, was written on the occasion by his highly talented and distinguished father.

Madras Courier, October 9.

* See Oriental Herald, No XVII.

Literature.

A Poem has just been published by Longman and Co., under the title of "The Reigning Vice." It boldly touches on some of the existing abuses and splendid miseries of the nation. We make the following extracts:—

"Curse on the selfish policy, which set
The silly nation in a snare of debt!
'Tis grown a dire necessity of woe!
Power crushes all—each grinds the next below;
Wave urges wave, till, to the confine sped,
Bursts the last billow on the meanest head.
All swells the grievance, all affects to cure—
Poor-rates, which never have relieved the poor;
Exaction's lever, and extortion's screw,
Which slay the many to sustain the few.
As in the goose that pampers Gallic taste,
The liver fattens, while the body wastes.
Again:—What pledge of safety, hope of social joy,
When Law's herself the worst anomaly?
Guardian of rights which she the first invades;
Who ne'er is brib'd, yet for the wealthiest pleads;
Who should to each assign his share of pelf,
But holds the scales to empty them herself!
'Tis all a game, where sharpers take the lead;
Who gain must lose, who lose are lost indeed.
Yea, all we have, through tardy strainers drips,
Till the last driblet barely wets our lips."

The Reigning Vice a Satirical Essay in Four Books. 12mo. pp. 182. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

The author of this nervous satire denies the leading doctrine in Pope's celebrated Essay, that whatever is, is right—and on the contrary, affirms that the reigning vice, self-love, is the great motive for human action, and deforms the fair face of creation. It is not our province to enter into an ethical inquiry in the review of a satirical poem; and therefore we shall leave the author and his readers to settle the point thus mooted between them. All that we have to say is, that the very powerful writing, and lashing the follies and crimes of the age with a stout and unsparing hand. There is one considerable merit in his performance,—it is never personal; and, in this day of personal slander and scurrility, this is a merit which can hardly be too highly estimated in a work of the kind. There is however, also a demerit which we must notice; in aiming at the force of a Juvenal, the author has sometimes fallen into a certain coarseness of expression which is hardly consistent with the refinemen's of modern taste. We do not go the length of urging that you are not to mention hell to ears polite; but if good counsel and just chastisements can be applied without the conjuring up of disgusting images, or the employment of a proscribed language, it is to be preferred to the broader way.

It will suffice to illustrate our opinions, and shew the power and abilities of the author, if we make a few extracts from his third book, which we fix upon as containing more passages that relate to the present day than any of the other, and being also equally well calculated for the purpose of exemplifying the style and manner of the publication. After invoking Satire to punish our national offences, it is said—

"Britain's weak side is known to all that live,
By tickling this, what crafty millions thrive!
Hence clap-traps, bladders of her sinking plays,
Create the generosity they praise.
Whom arms could quell not, foreign arts can move,
And every puff addresses her Self-love."

* * * *

"Behold! two loftier promontories rise
Amid the sea of thy absurdities;
Graved upon one Credulity appears,
And Curiosity the other bears.
Why throng to sights the children of thy coast?
They most are famous who have seen the most.
'Tis a rare joy to gaze on what is rare,
And then the life-long boast, 'I too was there.'
Hence fools to Europe flock'd on every wind,
For folly never will be left behind.
They dive in wells, o'erlop St. Peter's dome,
Doze through the Alps, and shoot all day at Rome,
Hence gaping crowds a mayor, a mermaid call,
A murderer's exit, or a monarch's pall.
At life's vain risk the passion we appease;
What souls are grass'd out in a glorious squeeze!
From scenes of mirth a funeral train retire,
And sad solemnities in force expire.
'A prince's supper!' old Myrtilla cried;
'Even if I die I'll go!' She went and died.
A gallant highwayman, like Sampson, slays,
More in his death than in his living days.
Whole hecatombs delight a royal ghost,
And sorrow is in shrieks of 'Murder!' lost.
The whim of seeing, fires Antenor's breast,
And his loved stores each wondrous sight attest.
A pious worshipper of Fame is he,
A Catholic of Curiosity.
His darling relics reverently explore,
Behold his temple! enter, and adore!
A holy vial, shrined in gold, we scan,
Fill'd from the pond where Thurtell laid his man.
Fond thefts from coffins of the noble dead.
A nail from Byron's and from York's a shred.
Twigs from the tree where sank th' aerial car,
And Stocks (adventurous maid!) became a star;
Ropes of illustrious use: and, wide beneath,
A rich mosaic wrought from murderers' teeth.
Britannia thus some marvel never lacks,
Ghosts, monsters, tumblers, conjurors, and quacks;
Still to hive money sedulously prone,
Yet every body's treasurer but her own."

There is much of truth in this general satire; the author then happily contrasts the good old with what he paints as the paltry modern times.

"Forth from old times a British warrior bring,
And set beside him yonder unsex'd thing.
Look on the one; how bony, big, and bluff,
Lank-loin'd, square-chested, muscular, and rough
Look on the other; sickly, small, and slim,
Large in the hip, light shoulder'd lean of limb.
Each arm'd for fight, what boots it, O ye stars!
If in the field of Venus or of Mars?
If silk or iron clothe the agile heel,
If cased in whalebone, or if cased in steel?
If with the fan or sword they conquest spread,
Or smile or frown their adversary dead?
The warrior views the beau with mute surprise,
As the stern mastiff Sylvia's lap-dog eyes,
Holding aloof, with high contempt serene,
And wondering what the nondescript can mean.
O times! O manners! when our sex we see
Boast female charms with female vanity;
Vaunt the trim waist the Queen of Love might span,
Or hear them lisp, 'The neckloth makes the man!'
Heedless of censure, negligent of praise,
Ease reigns the siren of these selfish days.
No more th' obsequious youth, with willing feet,
Flies for the fair to bring the vacant seat;
But faint and languid, with abstracted air,
Sinks on a couch, and points the distant chair.
No more he bends with reverential bow;
Ye gods! the nymph must court his motion now!
Nod to his neckcloth, at the rout or play!
He jerks the head, or careless turns away.
No more he woos the maid, with amorous glance,
Through the gay couplets of our native dance!
Far nobler thoughts his rapt attention claim,
None dance for pleasure now, all leap for fame.
Midst gazing crowds, intent to prove his skill
In the light mazes of the quaint quadrille,
On his webb'd hose he glues his gloating eyes,
On his wren's ancles, or his sparrow thighs.
To you, ye Fair, the Muse a hint lets fall,
'Tis ye have spoil'd the petted animal.
'Tis ye pursue him, where he should pursue,
'Tis ye who woo him, when he ought to woo."

The wooers of the other sex are indeed a weak

"Less prized the flower, less tempting the fair peach,
Within our grasp, than when beyond our reach."

The satirist next turns upon the pretenders to more masculine character—the patrons of boxing, jockeys, drivers, &c.

"In sports like these can virtuous courage dwell,
By day the fives' court, and by night the hell?
The ball! great triumph of our Christian shore,
Where truth fulfils what pagans dream'd of yore.
There Cerberus, in form a bailiff dread,
Stands grim betwixt the living and the dead.
There dipp'd in Lethe, many a wretch forgets
Fame virtue, honour, children, wife and debts.
Ixions there, to pleasure's circle bound,
Revolve one giddy and eternal round.
Gamblers, like Sisyphus, their fortunes strain
Up Mammon's hill; with toil the top they gain,
Then the swift ruin rushes to the plain.
Remorse, stern Fury, waves her snaky hair,
Thy vultures, Tityus prove no fable there.
There some old Tantalus now quits the scene,
Tortured by raptures he can reach no more.
While wantons lavish what from wealth they drew,
And still their leaky sieves let all Pactolus through.
Gods of deep night! forgive me if I lay
Your mansions open to detested day;
All daring muse! my guiding Sibyl be!
Eneas-like, I'll tread the shades with thee
Through gas-lit streets, where the pale harlot strays,
And plucks each passing Joseph by the stays;
Where men of frolic, reeling home to bed,
Break now a lamp, and now a watchman's head;
Where London's morning midnight broods o'er all
And silence is but broken by a brawl;
We glide secure, till to a door we come,
Whence, ever-issuing, sounds a hive-like hum.
Conceal'd from common eyes, to ours made clear,
Graved o'er the portal, these sad words appear—
'Quit hope for ever, ye who enter here!'
Now with some guest, unseen, we slip along
A vast saloon receives the scatter'd throng.
Gems, feathers, ribbands, gold, and rich array,
Compose the dazzling scene. Yet, is it gay?
Though sun-like lamps the painted walls illume,
The very brilliance hath an air of gloom.
A haunting mystery lowers o'er all the place:
The frown of sin, the shadow of disgrace.
All seem to act a festival of shame,
Some hellish rite,—a deed without a name."

We go no farther because some of the coarseness to which we have alluded occurs in the succeeding lines, and is, indeed, partially indicated even by what we have just quoted.

"This miracle must strike,
Scanning our moderns, that they're all alike!
True character is merged, for every soul
Runs the same gauntlet, gains the self-same goal.
In the world's joste, is the die worn out,
As from the coins we carry long about

Continued in the Second Supplement.)

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, 24th OCTOBER 1827.

(Continued from the last Page of Supt.)

They're all the same without, the same within,
Alike in dulness, and alike in sin;
All in one way they sit, ride, walk, or stand,
Speak with one voice, nay, learn to write one hand.
Drest to the mode, our very nurseries show
The baby lady and the infant beau:
In rival lustre maid and mistress meet,
And walking rainbows blaze through every street.
As much like Nature are the crowds we see,
As yon clipp'd dusty pole is like a tree,
Green, waving, glorious, beautiful, and free!
Take an automaton by Stultz array'd
Well-coated, neck-cloth'd, pantaloon'd, and stayed;
Let it appear to listen, smile, and bow,
And, in the proper place, say, 'Yes!' or 'No,'—
The world would deem it perfectly well-bred,
Nor ask the needless furniture of head.
Of every dulness, with which man is curst,
Profligate dulness surely is the worst.
Oh the flat dregs of wit, the vapid joke,
The laugh at nothing, or a jest unspoke!
No fancy gilds the brain of Pleasure's fool.
Which stinks, and stagnates like the fetid pool.
All now wear beards, or buy the beards they wear,
The human face divine is lost in hair.
While thus the mind so well the body suits,
How wise to steal the livery of brutes!
You think a warrior shoves you from the wall—
'Tis but a meek apprentice from Guildhall.
The Church is militant with bristling tips,
A gown'd hussar into the pulpit skips.
But who binds Fashion's Proteus? As in spite,
The very manners alter as I write.
Our women, too, no varied medium keep,
Like storms they riot, or like ditches sleep,
Pale, cold, and languid, wrapt in sullen state,
Or flush'd, warm eager, full of learned prate,
These haunt the galleries of the chaste antique;
Love anatomic lectures once a week,
Display their forms in the gymnastic class,
And get ethereally drunk with gas.

* * * *

"Yet sure,' expostulates a solemn sage,
'Much holy ardour animates the age;
Else wherefore swells the missionary sail,
Why whirls the treadmill, and why gapes the jail?
No village sport the Sabbath green profanes,
No Sunday dinner smokes for wicked swains;
Societies their fostering wings expand,
And Institutions teem o'er all the land.
Millennium comes! Her glorious herald see,
Pure Faith, high Hope, unwearied Charity!"
Blind Faith, whose timid bigotry can fight
For modes of worship, not for wrong or right.
Rash Hope, who, raising still to Heaven her eyes,
Sees naught on earth that right before her lies.
Proud Charity, that all her worth proclaims
In the long column of subscribers' names;
And gives, regardless of her county's needs,
To suffering Germans or to starving Swedes;
Repairs the ravage of a flood or fire
With alms o'erflowing, while the poor expire;
Or grasps her gold, till Death the doss recall,
Then founds a college or a hospital!
In vain, in vain, the drooping labourr, placed
Up deep in blessings, that he may no taste,
Still feebly toiling for the needs of life,
Pleads his small children and his sick wife;
Pride turns away. No fame attends the store
That steals in silence to the sorrowing poor.
'Is it not written, Faith demands, that thou
Shalt eat in bitterness and sweat of brow?"
While Hope exclaims, 'For the Millennium wait,
Then streams shall gush and all th world shall eat.'
He waits, and starves in honey dwout,
Or dies for snatching what he'd do without.
Beware, vain mortal! lest to date you see
That self-denial is true charity.
Yet give; for thus thy miserie plf
May profit others, though it ann hyself."

We will not prolong our review by adding to these examples, which afford sufficient data on which to estimate the author's powers. That he thinks worse of the world than we do, or at least exclaims against it more bitterly and harshly, may probably be cod in some measure by the nature of his me; but at all events, it must be felt, the has expressed himself in bold, energetic, forcible verse. We notice, it is true, some rhymes—such as "mean" "chain;" "se" "soul," &c. But as a whole, we con the *Reigning Vice* to be a composition co mean rank; and we shall be well pleaso see the continuation which its able autromises to give the public.

The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton. 12mo. 3 vols, Edinburgh 27. W. Blackwood.—

This is a work of much pow d originality, the production of a mind at natural vigour, enriched with stores uired knowledge, conversant with th rent aspects and hues of variegat d life, qually sensitive to the be ful and th re, the pathetic and the onorous. ht but well-contrived frame-work of the author has interwoven the events active and chequered life, together w traitures of manners and character, draw om fancy, but observation: he carries to through scenes in which he himself has evidently mingled; and describes with the vivid freshness and truth of actual experience the college and the camp, the counting-house of the merchant and the bivouac of the soldier, the passions and frivolities which agitate domestic life, and the wild and tumultuous excitation of the battle-field. In the boudoir of the fair, and the cottage of the peasant—the mess-room of the crack corps, and the vulgarities of the civic-feast—he is equally at home, and possesses the faculty of bringing them before us in full presentment, and with such perfect verisimilitude, that, for the moment, we fancy ourselves part and parcel of the scene. Altogether, *Cyril Thornton* is one of the most masterly sustained and interesting productions which have issued from the press in our *(L. G.)* time.

One of the most remarkable features of this able work is the military sketches which it embodies, Of themselves these would be amply sufficient to insure its popularity; for, after all that has been written on the subject of the Peninsular campaigns, the author of *Cyril Thornton* has proved that much yet remains to be told, and that what we previously knew can be brought before us with all the attraction of novelty when described by a powerful and masterly hand. We will venture to affirm, that even at this time of day, his account of the battle of Albuera, and of the inexpiable blunders which led to the carnage of that dreadful field, will be read with breathless interest; and from this striking specimen of his powers, we shall look forward with high expectation to the appearance of his *History of the Campaigns of the British Armies in Spain, Portugal, and the South of France, from* 1808 *to* 1814, which is announced as preparing for the press.

With these few observations we shall proceed to lay before our readers such extracts from this truly delightful work as will enable them fully to appreciate the justice of the character we have given of it.

The hero of this autobiography, who is supposed to be an Englishman, has had the misfortune, in a sporting ramble, to shoot his elder brother dead on the spot. Upon this dreadful calamity hinges the whole character and complexion of his future life. Under the sudden access of that crowd of tumultuous passions which overwhelmed the mind of the accidental and innocent fratricide, his reason, for a time, became eclipsed, and when he awoke to consciousness and sens , he found that he had become an object of unconquerable dislike to his father, who had doated on his eldest son. After some discussion between the parties it is, therefore, resolved to send Cyril to the University of Glasgow, the more especially as he had a maternal uncle in that city, David Spreull by name, an honest, well-doing, wealthy merchant, to whose care he is consigned, and who, we may mention *en passant*, is admirably delineated throughout. On his arrival he is invited to dine with the worthy merchant, and the following scene takes place:—

"'Here's the health o' your father, and your leddy mither; your brith—na, yer sisters.' 'And may God Almighty bless them?' exclaimed I, a little elevated by what I had drank, 'Amen!' ejaculated my uncle, as he raised his glass. 'In giving the toast,' continued he, 'the name o' puir Charles just cam', without thinking, to my lips, though I ken he's dead; weel I wat his death maun hae been a waesome loss to your parents. I mind him weel when I was at Thornhill; he was the gleggest and the funniest wee chiel' that ever gladdened my een; and yet, for a' that, he would often put his wee hand in mine, and walk out wi' me quite quietly, and doucely, just as if the bairn likit the company o' an auld man like me. And he would tell me about his powney and his doos, and fleech wi' me to gang and look at them, and happy was the wee man when I gaed wi' him. I wat he wasna like you, little sinner as ye was, that would never bide wi' me twa minutes on end, but come todlin ahint me, and pook me by the coat-tails, and then rin awa' laughin', as fast as your twa fat legs wad carry ye. An' yet ye was a blithe an winsome bairn too, though I'll no say but I likit him the best. An', wae's me, he's gane! Is't no strange, that Death should tak' a young and gleesome creature like that, and leave an auld man like me? But the ways o' Providence are no to be accounted for. Oh, but it gars me grue to think on him!' The old gentleman was not much accustomed to the melting mood; and there was a striking, perhaps, to an indifferent spectator, a ludicrous contrast between the warmth and tenderness of feeling displayed in the matter spoken, and the gruff and saturnine expression with which it was delivered. An occasional huskiness and tremor was discernible in his voice; and he found it neccessary several times to clear his throat with a cough so loud and sonorous, as to prove that his difficulty of utterance did not originate in the feebleness of his lungs. 'But there's yae part,' continued he, after a short pause, 'there's yae part o' the letter ye brought me that I dinna very weel understand; and I wad like to hae't redd up to me, for I've an unco interest in a' that concerns your family.' So saying, he produced from his pocket a letter, folded in the shape in which letters of business are usually preserved, and bearing the following indorsation:—

Thornton, Mrs. Elizabeth.
Thornhill, 22d September, 18—.
Concerning son Cyril, and sundries;
Received 27th September, 18—;
Answered———.

And having adjusted his 'specs,' read aloud from it the following extract:—'You have of course received intimation of the terrible infliction with which it has pleased G d to visit this family. The dreadful accident by which we had to deplore the loss of one son, long left us little ground on which we could found a hope for the preservation of the other. I thank God, however, he is at length restored to us ——.' 'Now,' my uncle continued, though I kent, wae's me, that puir Charles was dead, afore I got your leddy mither's letter, yet I never heard tell o' the awfu' accident she speaks about, nor how your life came amaist to be despaired o', and it would be a great satisfaction to me to hear a' the sad story; for Charles had wun himself into my heart in a way I never tell't naebody when he was leevin', for fear o' settin' folk a bletherin'. But noo he's dead, it's nae matter. It often seemed strange to myself that his figure haunted me like a ghaist. It's true, I seldom thocht on him by day, yet he was aye present in my dreams at night, wi' his blue e'en, and his gowden hair, lookin' up sae douce and sweetly in my face; for his looks differed a hantle frae yours, and he had neither your black curly pow, nor your dark e'en. It wad be a sad pleasure to me to hear how the bonny innocent cam by his death.' My uncle had been too much engrossed with his own feelings to think at all of mine. I sat writhing in my chair as he spoke. Every word had been torture. I felt the blood rush in volumes to my head, and my temples throb almost to bursting, and then, by a sudden revulsion, it was again thrown back upon my heart, and lay a load upon my life-springs. But this subsided. What I had drank, though far too little to disturb the serenity of an older and sounder head, was yet enough to act as a strong stimulus to a brain which, like mine, had scarcely recovered from the effect of recent inflammation. I was spurred on to comply with my uncle's wishes by a strange and unnatural excitement, and I narrated, with a shuddering and shrinking heart, the circumstances of the fatal story. I stood while I spoke. At first, the wild energy of my manner seemed to strike him with surprise, but as my narrative approached the horrid catastrophe, he too became overpowered by emotion, and starting from his chair, came and clasped me in his arms. 'Say nae mair, Cyril—for the love o' God, say nae mair. I ken, I see, I understand a' noo.' And he kissed my forehead, and as I looked on him, I saw the tears roll down the furrowed channels of his cheeks. Scott and Wordsworth, both undoubtedly high authorities in every thing connected with the human heart, agree that there is something more than ordinarily moving in 'the tears of bearded men.' It was perhaps fortunate, in the dangerous state of excitement in which I then was, that those of my uncle served in some degree to divert the current of my emotion. 'Ay,' said he, observing my gaze fixed on him, 'ye may see I'm greetin,' I'll no deny't; but it's no for him, it's for you.' And he once more pressed me in his arms. 'Poor Cyril! it wants nae words to tell me how your life came to be amaist despaired o'; yet, blessed be Providence, ye've been sparet, and come safely through your awfu' trials. Ye may believe me" said he wiping his eyes, 'these are the first draps that through a lang life have wat my e'en. I have never kent the blessing of a tear sin my mither's death, and then I was just saxteen year auld; and I little thocht that anything could have gart me greet in my auld age.'"

This is indeed a truly natural and most characteristic picture.—

A Glasgow dinner, or rather debauch, is no very attractive affair even now; but it seems to have been a truly grotesque concern some quarter of a century agone. A description of one will be read with great amusement at page 105 to 121 of Vol, I, though too long for us to quote. Even the following remarks will not probably be relished by the Glasgowegians: but they are as true as Holy Writ and exemplify that bold, uncompromising sincerity for which these volumes are honourably distinguished.

"It is perhaps an advantage to Glasgow, as a seminary of education, that it affords none of the appliances of elegant dissipation. Nowhere else does vice meet the eye so perfectly denuded of those external decorations with which refinement too often succeeds in hiding her deformity. She there appears not as a young and captivating female, rich in guilty and seductive blandishments, but as a haggard and disgusting beldame. To be dissipated in Glasgow, one must cease to be a gentleman. He must at once throw off all the delicacy with which nature or education have invested him, and become familiar with the squalid haunts of low and loathsome debauchery. Youth cannot do this. At that age even the visions of sensual enjoyment are mingled and connected with high intellectual excitement. In the very strength and ardour of his passions, there is safety. He contemplates the glowing pictures of love and beauty, which teem in his imagination; and he is guarded as with a sevenfold shield from the assaults of gross and vulgar pollution."

At length Thornton quits college, and fixes his thoughts on the army. The scene between him and his father, when the latter gives his consent to his son's choice of a profession, is singularly striking and original.

"While I was endeavouring to arrange my ideas for an eclaircissement, and hesitating whether I should solicit an interview verbally or by a letter, I received one morning a message from my father, commanding my presence in the library. My heart throbbed violently, for I felt the long-looked-for moment was come, in which the character of my future prospects, perhaps the happiness of my life, was to be decided. Endeavouring, therefore, to concentrate my ideas as much as, in the agitation of my thoughts, was possible, I proceeded to the conference, filled with the deepest anxiety for its result. When I entered the library, my father was seated at a table, engaged in writing, but on my entrance he rose, and having twice paced the apartment, remained standing in front of the fire-place. Then turning towards me, and looking at me for the first time he said, 'Be seated.' I obeyed. 'I have sent for you, sir,' continued he, 'because I think the time has at length arrived when it is fitting we should come to a mutual and clear understanding. You are a young man, and have your way to make in the world, Have you thought of a profession?' 'Long and deeply.' 'And, of course, feel that your own knowledge and experience are of themselves perfectly competent to decide your choice? Is not this so?" There was something of a sneer discernible on his countenance as he spoke, and I did not answer. He went on. 'You say you have considered the subject of your future profession long and deeply—coolly and dispassionately had been better words, and more to the purpose. You had once a boyish inclination for the army. Does this still continue, or has some new whimsy supplanted it?—Speak, sir!' 'My sentiments are still unchanged. I feel that for no other profession has nature qualified me. In a military life are centered all my hopes and wishes, and my heart tells me I must be a soldier or nothing.' 'So, I thought as much; and since I now understand your views and intentions, it is fitting you should understand mine. Mark well, sir, what I am about to say to you, for every syllable of it concerns you deeply. When Dr. Lumley formerly communicated to me your wishes in regard to a profession, I need not tell you I had *two* sons, and *you* were the younger. As such, you could expect but a slender provision, and the military life is one in which poverty is perhaps, attended with fewer evils, and privations, than any other. I did not, therefore, think it necessary to oppose your inclinations. Since then, you know how the aspect of this family has been changed. Deep and sad changes have occurred. Your elder brother is no more, and of his death *you* were the cause. I do not mean to accuse you—the *innocent* cause, if you will—but still by that very hand,' pointing as he spoke, and slightly shuddering, 'he received his death; and when you returned, I saw it—yes, I saw it—red with his blood. Nay, I would not willingly wound your feelings,' observing my emotion, 'but I have often thought, and cannot but still think, how much sorrow and suffering had been spared us all had it but pleased God that you had never breathed, or had you been mercifully snatched from us in the cradle.—Compose yourself.' I had indeed need of composure. Had I been stretched on the rack, I feel convinced my suffering would have been less acute than those I endured during this harsh and unfeeling address. As he uttered it, I kept my eyes fixed on his countenance, as if with all my energies collected to brave the storm. Not once, even when his words pierced deepest, did I withdraw them. At one moment, it seemed as if he quailed beneath their gaze, for he turned his face half from me, and looked upon the ground. I endeavoured, with all my strength, to be calm, and my face, I believe was so; but, beneath, every nerve and muscle of my body seemed heaved into distinct and separate action which I-

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had neither the power to command nor to repress. My frame shook as if with an ague. My father betrayed signs of vehement emotion, both in speech and gesture, and the composure he prescribed to me was evidently not unwanted by himself. He paced several times up and down the apartment, and then confronting me, in his former station, he resumed ;—'You are now an only son, and probably expect to enter on life with greater advantages and higher prospects than before. The world of course, look on you, and you perhaps look upon yourself, as the heir to this estate. Indulge not in such a delusion. It is but justice to let you know your real situation. While another child of mine survives, Thornhill will never be yours—Such is my determination; and if you view it calmly and aright, you ought not, you cannot, wish it otherwise. You have been made the instrument of divine vengeance on your family. Would you accept reward for this? Through your murderous negligence your brother lost his life, Would you, could you, turn fratricide to profit, and take wages for your brother's blood? Think you, wealth thus acquired would come to you unburdened by a curse? Or could you for a moment drown, amid its poor pitiful enjoyments, the remembrance of the price you paid for them? Believe me, in this respect, at least, I am not unjust to you, and doubt not that you would cast from you, as a loathsome thing, fortune so detestable and unhallowed in its acquisition. Were it otherwise, I should disown you for my son, and spurn you from my threshold. But enough. Expect nothing from me but the provision you were originally entitled to as a younger son: You now know the footing on which you will enter the world. Whatever your inclinations may be, in regard to your future pursuits, I will not oppose them. But ponder well before you decide. In the church there is a living in my gift, to which, if you take orders, you may reasonably look forward. In the army, I can assist you little. In this matter, however, I wish not to influence you; let the decision be your own. At present retire, and at some other time I will be glad to learn the issue of your deliberations.' "

The Author of "May Fair" is yet undiscovered, and we regret that we are unable to gratify the very general and intense curiosity which has been excited respecting him by the publication of his name. All we can as yet do is, to state our disbelief of some of the reports which fix the Authorship on Lords Gower and Alvanley, Moore, Luttrell, and a distinguished contributor to Blackwood's Magazine.—Lord G wer seems to us too contemplative and poetical; Lord Alvanley, with all his talents, never could have undertaken such a task as that of writing four Cantos. Mr. Moore's politics are opposed to those of the Author, who, however, possesses a great deal of the sparkle and brightness of that fascinating and witty Poet.; and there is too much knowledge of Town Life in "May Fair" to allow of its being the production of any one who has not lived always in the very highest circles of London.

The Morning Chronicle May 28.

FROM MAY FAIR.

"*Le Diplomat*, ecstatic fate
"Of the fifth cousins of the great;
"Blest with a pound a-day for life,
"To lacquey *Monsieur L'Envoy's* wife—
"Teach French and figures to the daughters,
"See that they swallow their Spa-waters;
"Prepared to answer every question
"Touching your 'sweet *cleve's*, digestion;
"Take passport-pictures of the mob,
"Who ramble to be robb'd or rob;
"The length of chin, the tint of nose,
"The holes in breeches, and in hose.
"Scribble the rout and dinner packs,
"Lock up the royal pounce and wax;
"Echo his Excellency's jest,
"Mend your own stockings like the rest,
"Dine how and where *il plait aux cieux*
"Battle his mongrel household crew;
"Cook up his *coteletle* at a spirt,
"Air *mi Lor's* newspaper and shirt,
"Feel laugh'd at by the luckier fribbles,
"Till life between your fingers dribbles;
"Condemn'd, till its last sands are roll'd,
"To fold and frank, and frank and fold;
"And envying every wretch in fetters
"Die as you've lived—a man of *letters*."

MISCELLANEA.

Two letters will be found in *The Times* o this day, to each of which—but to the first in particular—we invite with much earnestness the serious attention of our independent and reflecting readers. The letter to which we give precedence on the page, effects—and, in our opinion, deeply—the spirit and honour of Mr. CANNING's policy towards the broken-down but still unvanquished and noble-minded friends of Spanish and Portuguese liberty, who are honoured now and then by an incidental phrase of pity, mixed with something like contempt, by men of high pretensions in this island. Our correspondent calls himself an Italian refugee; but the chief interest, we confess, which he has excited in us, is for a fellow-passenger of his late compulsory flight from Lisbon, the illustrious, magnanimous, ill-requited, long-suffering, and now dying sage and hero, ROMERO ALPUENTE, cruelly driven with in these few weeks from Portugal, whither he had just attended an only niece, who from her youth had nursed his infirmities—but now, in the last stage of an incurable disorder, sought with him at the threshold of their miserable country, the refuge of a common grave.

ROMERO ALPUENTE is on the verge of 90; and through this preternatural term of existence has borne a name the most unimpeachable for public and private honour. When he sat many years ago as Chief Judge or Fiscal of the Criminal Court at Madrid, a woman of high rank, an adulteress and a murderess, was brought before this venerable Judge. She had instigated her paramour to the murder of her husband. The evidence was conclusive, and the sentence rested with the Court. The unmerous and affluent connexions of the culprit beset the magistrate with persuasions, threats, and unceasing importunities for mercy. The infamous and all-powerful GODOY, too, was a cou,in of the guilty woman. This personage offered ALPUENTE, besides 40,000*l*, sterling in money, the highest and most lucrative patronage under the monarchy, if he would but spare her life ;with a denunciation of the fiercest enmity if he refused it. But the intrepid and virtuous Judge had a prerogative which, by usage, was held too sacred for the minion of despotism to contend with. He signed the warrant, and the murderess was led to execution. From that hour open war existed between ROMERO ALPUENTE and the Court of Madrid. He was throughout the whole series of revolutions, from 1808 to 1823, a stern patriot, never flinching, esteemed, honoured, and revered for spotless integrity, by all enlightened Spaniards. Were the patriarch now but to show himself on his native soil, the wasted and fleshless form would rally round it the whole constitutional spirit of the nation. But the persecuted old man will never again rouse an assembly of Patriots by his eloquence, or guide them by his genius. He went to Portugal in a state of weakness, aggravated by every want that could pinch and oppress old age in its extremity. He was expelled from it without remorse or mercy. FERDINAND's Minister was in earnest,—those of Portugal were not: no English authority, or humanity, or feeling for Spanish interests, individual or national, interposed to save this poor old man.

By his departure to Portugal in hopes of mitigating under a milder climate bodily sufferings far more painful to him than his own, he had forfeited the pittance hitherto allowed him, in common with other Spaniards, by the British Government. Since his return, the Spanish Committee, out of scanty and much-burdened funds, have granted to him--- conjointly with a female---a born and virtuous lady---sick beyond the reach of medicine, but not of charity, the last of his race--1*l*. per month! We must end this heart-wounding relation. ROMERO ALPUENTE is in London, on that bed which grief makes a death-bed, but *famine* a bed of agony. There are in England bold and honest judges, who would have felt with ALPUENTE, when riches or worldly ruin were the alternatives offered to him, and who now can feel *for* a brother magistrate, not unworthy their generous admiration, but at his last hour capable of benefit only from their tenderness and compassion. While a certain Spanish officer, who suffers his wife to sing in public and for hire, gained by a single concert within this fortnight at least 1,000*l*. sterling, to which some very generous persons contributed from a belief that they were assisting the great body of the exiled patriots one of the bravest and noblest among them starves, at 90 years of age!

With a different class of sensations, we refer to a humane and beneficent undertaking for the relief of the Spaniards generally, and which is described in another column. Nothing could be more delicately or judiciously imagined than the arrangement of the Bazaar at Hanover-square, and the personal exertions of English women of rank, to turn to account for the suffering exiles and their families the produce of cultivated taste and talent. May not this plan be continued ?---or, at least, may it not be repeated ?

The second letter which we set out with noticing is now of minor interest, confirming only what the whole world knew--- that the foreign diplomacy of England, of which the present Lord LONDONDERRY has had the modesty to lament the miserable downfal from its high and palmy state under his "lamented" relative, was, on the part of the said brother, a chain of the most stupid, ignorant, unfeeling, and disgraceful fallacies, in all that concerned the real welfare, the independence, and happiness of nations.

In the University of Upsala are two chests, deposited there by Gustavus III., King of Sweden, with orders that they shall not be opened until 50 years have elapsed from the time of his death. They are double locked, chained, and sealed, and are supposed, to contain his foreign correspondence and other papers, relating to the principal transactions of his reign.

DECISION.—At a public meeting recentle held at Liverpool, a resolution was almost unanimously passed to send an Address to the King, congratulating him on the formation of the new Ministry. One of the speakers, the Rev. Mr. SHEPHERD, expressed his great satisfaction on seeing the firm of Eldon and Co. in the Gazette, and said that he, for one, would never sign their certificate. He remarked on the malicious avidity with which the new Opposition had seized on the Catholic question. Lord Eldon had declared that he himself would bring that question to a decision. Yes as *Acres* says in the play, "*decision* is the word;" but he used it not in the Court of Chancery. Mr. Shepherd wondered that that word, like *Macbeth's* Amen," did not "stick in his Lordship's throat."

The Examiner, May 20.

Captain Keppel explained to a Persian the properties of a steam-boat lately established in Calcutta, which, from its power of stemming wind, tide, and current, had been called by the Indians "the Devil's boat," Wishing to pay a compliment to our nation, the Persian replied, "When arts were in their infancy, it was natural to give the devil credit for any new invention; but now, so advanced are the English in every kind of improvement, that they are more than a match for the devil himself."

PLACES OF WORSHIP IN THE METROPOLIS.—Episcopal churches and chapels, 300; Independent chapels, 66; Wesleyan Methodist ditto, 32; Calvinistic Methodist ditto, 30; Presbyterian (Scotch and Unitarian) ditto, 16; Roman Catholic ditto, 14; Quakers' Meetings, 6—Total, 400. Calculating the average attendance at 500, and that one in three only can be present at Divine Service on account of age, sickness, &c. the number of persons provided with accommodation in that way in London will amount to no more than six out of every thirteen of the inhabitants! The churches of the Establishment are calculated for only three out of every thirteen!

NOVEL GAME OF CRICKET.—A novel game of cricket was played, for a considerable sum, on Monday the 21st instant, on Harefield-common, near Rickmansworth, between two gentlemen of Middlesex, and Mr. Francis Trumper, farmer at Harefield, with the help of a thorough-bred sheep dog. In the first innings, the two gentlemen got three runs, and Mr. Trumper three for himself and two for his dog. In the second innings, the two gentlemen again got three runs, and Mr. Trumper then going in, and getting two runs, beat the two gentlemen, leaving two wickets standing. Before the game began, the odds were 5 to 1 against Mr. Trumper and his canine partner; but after the first innings, bets were so altered, that four to one were laid on Trumper and his dog. The match having been much talked of in the neighbourhood for two or three weeks, and the day proving very fine, there was a numerous attendance of spectators, who were much astonished at the dog's dexterity. The dog always stood near his master when he was going to bowl, and the moment the ball was hit he kept his eye upon it, and started off after it with speed: and, on his master running up to the wicket, the dog would carry the ball in his mouth and put it into his master's hand with such wonderful quickness, that the gentlemen found it very difficult to get a run even from a very long hit. The money lost and won on the occasion was considerable, as a great number of gentlemen came from Uxbridge and the neighbouring towns and villages to see so extraordinary a game.

The Banks here (Glasgow) have lowered the interest of money deposited with them to 3½ per cent. We understand that a further reduction is speedily anticipated. Of course a considerable rise will take place in the value of every kind of heritable property.—*Scots Times*

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